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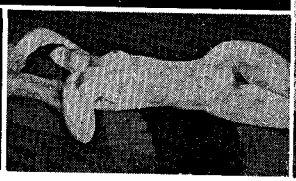

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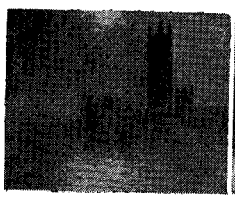

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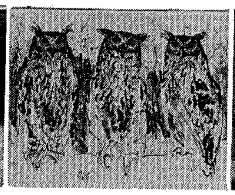

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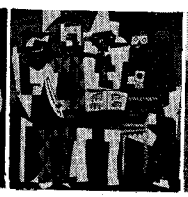

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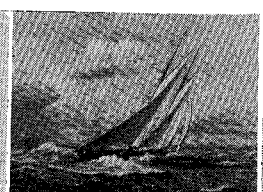

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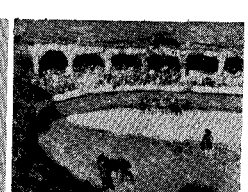

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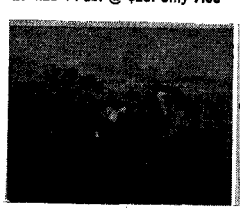

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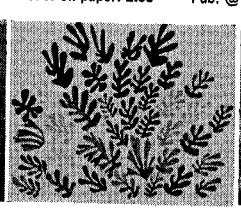

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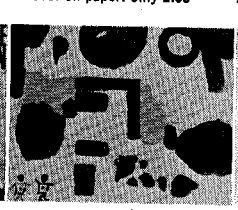

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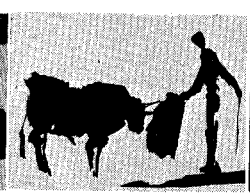

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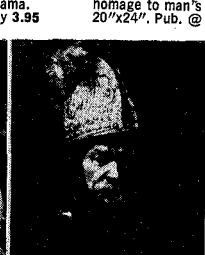

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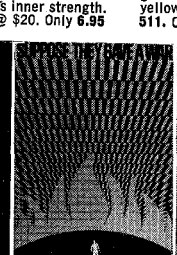

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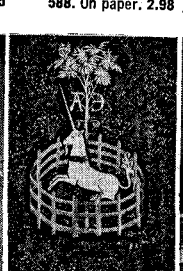

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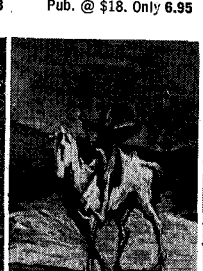

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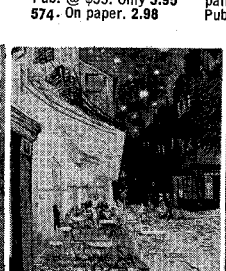

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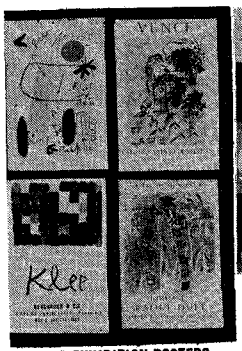

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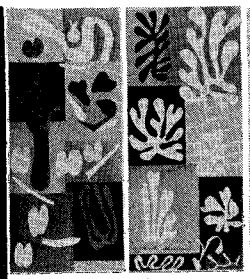

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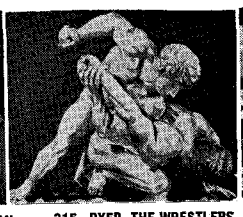

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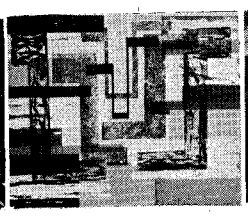

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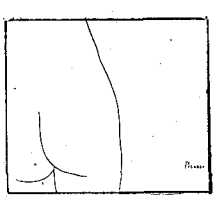

308. PICASSO. FEMME. Silkscreen on **artist canvas** of amusing drawing: Black on white. 16″20″. Pub. @ $7. Only **2.98**

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528. BEN SHAHN. POSTER. Black & brown on fine white paper. 30″x45″. Special **3.95**

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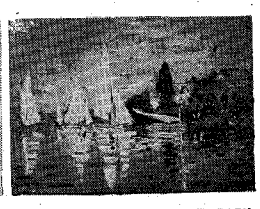
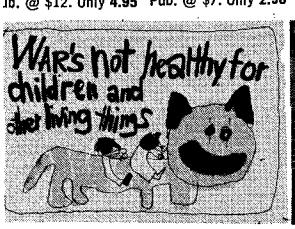


269. MONET. REGATTA AT ARGENTEVIL. Silkscreen on **artist canvas.** French impressionist masterpiece. A panoply of subdued marine colors. 18″x27″. Pub. @ $25. Only **6.95**



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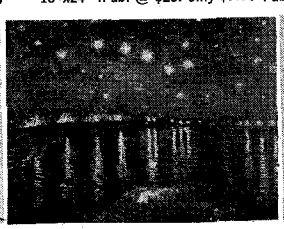
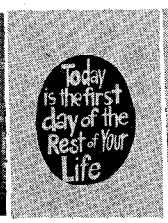
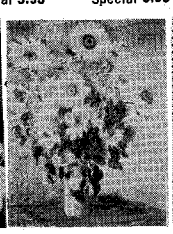


286. VAN GOGH. STARLIGHT OVER THE RHONE. Silkscreen on **artist canvas.** Swirling blues & purples with brilliant yellow stars. 20″x25″. Pub. $35. Only **9.95**



370. TODAY. Silkscreen on **artist canvas.** Red & yellow. 22″x32″. Pub. @ $12. Only **5.95** **608.** On paper. **2.98**

549. HAUSMAN. WOMAN. Silkscreen on rag paper. Pink purples & flesh. 20″x38″. Only **4.95**



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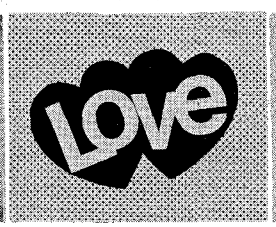

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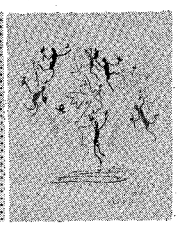

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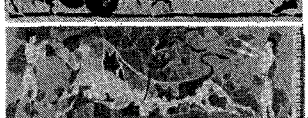

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Get Out or Get Out?

We knew Mr. Nixon was going to sum up the Cambodian adventure in detail, and we worried all week lest he should find some flaw in it. Fortunately, we needn't have bothered. Folks, it was a great success. We aren't so much interested in that now, however, as in the more subtle matter of Mr. Nixon and the American people. We think there is a basic, even fatal, misapprehension on his part in this alliance. He is defensive on every step he takes to get us out of the war – and this is intended to tell him he needn't be. He is trying to be tactful when the public just wants out. He was a late convert to extrication and the inventor of the ingenious cover story "Vietnamization." As a face-saving device it is probably as good as could be found, but the chief thing for most of us is to bring the boys home. We have tried for five years to launch the South Vietnamese as a nation; now it's up to them.

Mr. Nixon can't seem to understand. Undoubtedly a simpler approach would be a shock to the remaining hawks, but also to himself. He repeatedly says he is not going to be the first American President to lose a war. That is the argument of a weak man trying to act strong, and that is always dangerous.

Just out of curiosity we went back and read the transcript of the briefing we had with Mr. Nixon's advisers at the White House on the night of April 30, before the speech. The account was simple and direct and persuasive if you accepted the postulates. We were mounting a spoiler raid to smash a lot of supply dumps and find the mysterious COSVN (Communist communications center) which, to the Pentagon, is like Cortez's El Dorado.

But when Mr. Nixon had spent a couple of sleepless nights writing it up he had elevated it almost beyond recognition. America's "credibility" was at stake, the North Vietnamese had been warned and must take their medicine; he threw in the passage about "great universities being systematically destroyed," and there was that heroic bit about his willingness to be a one-term President. And America being a "pitiful helpless giant" and, oh yes, the promise that "we shall avoid a wider war." (Now the South Vietnamese war is the Indochina war.) Then Mr. Nixon was terribly hurt because, unlike Wilson and Roosevelt and others, he was being assailed by people with "counsels of doubt and defeat." Well, well, poor chap!

It would be all so much simpler if Mr. Nixon could just understand that the public wants to wind down the war and that instead of rewarding him with astonished praise when he carries out this policy (admittedly difficult to execute) they just take it as a matter of course. We could be wrong. But let us offer some evidence from highly respectable sources. Through them runs criticism of other matters that would give a more sensitive Administration gravest pause.

Here, for example, is an editorial from the *Los Angeles Times*, June 7 (which has generally supported Mr. Nixon and backed him for President): "The time has come for the United States to leave Vietnam, to leave it swiftly, wholly and without equivocation." It makes a lengthy, powerful case.

Then here is an editorial from the business executive's monthly, *Fortune*, no friend of radicalism. "Six weeks ago this was a divided, frustrated, and anxiety-ridden country," it begins. Now a series of events, including Cambodia, it says, has "plunged the nation to a level of bewilderment and fear that it had not reached in the depth of the great depression."

Strong words; but here are stronger: "For the first time, it is no longer possible to take for granted that the US will somehow survive the crisis that grips it."

We would think even Mr. Nixon's dull ear could hear that warning. Here is another witness from the *Washington Sunday Star*, June 14, which has not been known to harbor an unorthodox thought since before the days of McKinley. The editorial is entitled "Who Was Planning to Bring Us Together?" Well, you guessed it. Mr. Nixon was, and the *Star* is upset. It says: "In short, the divisiveness of the country today is reaching intolerable levels." It begins three paragraphs with "It is wrong – " and cites Mr. Nixon each time: for entertaining hard-hat construction workers after they bashed dissenting students; for unleashing Spiro Agnew "in one demagogic outburst after another"; for sounding off against the "bums" in colleges and, in short, for "catering to our darker political instincts." If *Izvestia* had turned against Brezhnev, Washington couldn't have been more startled.

Senator Mark Hatfield (R, Oregon) says that if the Administration doesn't alter its disastrous course the party may dump Nixon and nominate somebody else in 1972.

Nobody can accuse TRB, we suppose, of being impartial in a matter like this so we had better leave the case to our witnesses. But we will say that we think Spiro is revving up fine and will be off the runway any day now like an old Ford tri-motor, if he doesn't shake off a wing first. His Cleveland denunciation of Averell Harriman, Mayor Lindsay and six others as addicts of "American defeat" marks a crescendo of vibration. We wonder, though, if he can rise to the heights of "Dean Acheson's college of cowardly Communist containment?" Well, maybe his boss will give him lessons.

Note: The most depressing thing in Washington right now is a hole in the ground. It is an enormous excavation, three stories deep, a full city block square, right on Pennsylvania Avenue. A building will rise here, 11 stories high. Work started in 1967 and will be finished in late 1973. This entire building will be taken over by the FBI. Not education, not health, not welfare: the FBI. Cost originally estimated at $60 million; latest estimate, $102 million; actual, maybe $120 million. Its miles of corridors and two-and-a-half million square feet will be big enough for files on every American. These are being collected right now by a dozen agencies. Computers will make them instantly available: "A mass surveillance system unprecedented in history" Sen. Ervin calls it. Just a hole in the ground, now; soon a police pentagon.

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Honoring America

Antiwar groups come and go, mostly come. We're waiting to hear of the formation of HAD (Honor America by Departing), or LIT (Leave it to Thieu). Organizations spring up, fade away, or are transformed into something else. There's no central headquarters, no "angel" financing them. But there's an abundance of energy and common goals – ending the war and setting new social priorities.

The *Bipartisan Congressional Clearinghouse* (P.O. Box 8278, Washington, D.C. 20024) arose in May as an information center to provide liaison between political candidates, antiwar organizations and volunteers. It has since taken on other jobs under the direction of its coordinators Tom Howley and Dick Neustadt, the son of the Harvard professor. "As the center of activity moves away from Washington," says Howley, "we have to move with it. So what we're into now essentially is providing issue-research material to candidates; profiles of candidates as a service to groups trying to decide whom to fund and support; research for nonincumbents who want to know more about whom they are running against; and a brochure on the use of volunteers. It will be ready in August." Issue research is mailed regularly to a list of a hundred or so candidates who have been endorsed by *Referendum '70*, or who have specifically requested assistance. The material so far deals with the war and related domestic questions – inflation, unemployment, health, crime, education, housing, the environment, taxes and congressional reform. The material is gathered and digested in a form adaptable to political speeches by a staff of 12 volunteers. Ninety "peace and new priorities" candidates have been profiled. Brief résumés list primary and general election opponents, the candidate's *vita*, his campaign staff, demographics of his district, issues in the campaign and an analysis of the candidate's prospects.

The Movement for a New Congress (136 Palmer Hall, Princeton, N.J. 08540) has got into about 20 primary contests, most recently and successfully in New York state, where student volunteers working out of the regional office at Columbia gave a boost to the successful campaigns of Bella Abzug (who won a surprise victory over incumbent Democratic Congressman Leonard Farbstein), Herman Badillo, Edward Koch, Ogden Reid and Harvey Sherman. The only disappointment was in the narrow defeat in the Democratic primary

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of Peter Eikenberry, a young lawyer trying to unseat Rep. John Rooney in Brooklyn's 14th District. Eikenberry, with 300 students working for him, fell 1,013 votes short of victory in a turnout of 22,383. He'll be on the November ballot as a Liberal Party candidate.

MNC, active also in voter registration drives, most conspicuously in California (500 new voters in Santa Clara County) and Michigan, expects the big push in the fall when 10,000 to 15,000 volunteers now listed by Princeton computers will concentrate on key House races. *MNC* has commitments from 17 colleges and universities (near commitments from 12 others) to adopt the Princeton Plan for a recess of classes in time for students to campaign. Preparing for this, MNC is building 50 regional organizations and numerous independent locals within them and massing campaign materials. An analysis of roll call votes in the 91st Congress has just been finished, and last week *MNC* completed a poll of New Jersey 15th District, where students campaigned unsuccessfully for Congressional candidate Lewis Kaden. Only one percent of the sample said they would vote against a candidate *because* students are for him. *MNC* thinks its poll discredits "commentators who have been insisting that there's bound to be, and has been a student backlash."

The *Congressional Action Fund* (815 17th St., N.W., Room 421, Washington, D.C. 20006) has rased $15,000 for House candidates, and hopes to double the figure within the next few weeks now that fund raising has begun in major cities such as Boston, Chicago, Los Angeles, Detroit and Houston. Ironically, prospects look better in a place like Houston where there are, according to *CAF* coordinator Michael Cole, "no real peace and priorities candidates running" than they do in, say, the Denver area where there are two popular congressional candidates, Craig Barnes and Richard Gebhardt. "There's a good sized liberal community in Houston," Cole says, "and they want to know what they can do to help nationally." *CAF*'s board will meet again the third week of July to select the candidates it will back. (*CAF* and *Ref '70* have transferred their research files to the *Clearinghouse*, an example of how these groups take in each other's washing. Another example: *The New Constituency* is putting out a biweekly informational letter to serve all peace groups. It plans to expand its mailing list to 70,000 by fall.)

Project Pursestrings (328 Pennsylvania Ave., S.E., Washington, D.C. 20003) has devoted itself exclusively to selling Cooper-Church, which the Senate passed last week, 58-37, and the McGovern-Hatfield Amendment, which is scheduled for debate in mid-July. It briefs, makes appointments for delegations visiting Washington, D.C. (Boston lawyers, social workers, 140 Philadelphia housewives), and has prompted the formation of local citizens' committees in states whose senators are wavering. In addition, *Pursestrings* has a "media package" of half a dozen full-page newspaper ads and a dozen, thirty-second and one-minute TV spots. Ads have run in Oregon and Rhode Island papers; more are scheduled. *Pursestrings* is working closely with the *Amendment to End the War Committee*, developing national advertising for them, sending out the video tape of the first half-hour TV show done by the Senate sponsors of the McGovern-Hatfield Amendment, for local showing. Steve Cohen, one of *Pursestrings'* 15-member Washington staff, says it's impossible to tell how this publicity will influence the decision. However, "when the McGovern-Hatfield Amendment was introduced it had five sponsors; it now is up to 24 public ones and probably another dozen private ones. To get 36 or 37 Senators to vote for a cut-off in funds for the war is not enough, but considering where we started from . . ."

A conference in Chicago this week will determine which candidates are to share the $70,000 reportedly collected by the *Peace Commencement Fund*. Selections will be based in part on recommendations of the *Congressional Action Fund*. The bulk of this money came from Yale, with sizeable contributions from UCLA, Stanford, Sacramento State, Kansas University, and Denver. *Referendum '70*, set up in January to work up graphics, literature and media campaign assistance, has lost three of its principal Washington staffers and does most of its work out of the headquarters at 66 Morton St., New York City; its Washington coordinator has left to do candidate profiles for the *Bipartisan Congressional Clearinghouse*.

The *Continuing Presence in Washington* (815 17th St., N.W., Room 505, Washington, D.C. 20006) started by Dartmouth students but now including many others, maintains an office jointly with *Project Pursestrings*, and *Law Students Against the War*, setting up appointments for constituents who are lobbying in Washington. CPW has them fill out "debriefing" forms summarizing their visits. *The Universities National Anti-War Fund*, headed by Professor David Barber of Yale (PO Box 800, Cambridge, Mass.), was organized after the Cambodian invasion, largely by the MIT-Harvard scientific community. Its appeal to teachers ("One day's pay for peace") brought $50,000 the first month, which was invested in various primary contests. It continues on 300 campuses to raise money for candidates. *Peace Action at Harvard* (Phillips Brooks House, Cambridge, Mass.) is soliciting funds from alumni to support at subsistence rates students who will be out campaigning this summer.

The *Bipartisan Congressional Clearinghouse* lists 40-odd national organizations working at what can be called peace politics. All but a handful are headquartered in Washington, D.C., New York and the Boston-Cambridge area. But most of them have affiliated regional and local chapters widely distributed in the Midwest and West. And peace candidates with active organizations are running in nearly every state. It's all called participatory politics, or if you want to be square – democracy.

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What You Don't Know

The House of Representatives is a semi-secret society. Thirty-seven percent of its committee meetings are closed to press and public; committee votes in such proceedings are part of the record, but not the *public* record. There's the *Congressional Record*, of course, but it doesn't necessarily record what a senator or representative said on the floor; the member may revise his remarks for publication. Nonrecord votes on the House floor are tallied in such a way that nobody knows how his or anybody else's congressman voted.

When the Legislative Reorganization Act of 1970 comes up for consideration the middle of this month, some of this secrecy will be challenged. But whether amendments to the rules intended to open up the public business to greater public scrutiny come to a record vote, may itself be decided in court.

The principal challenge to House rules permitting the House to work in the dark is coming from the House Democratic Study Group, 120 to 140 modern members who balance the informal coalition of Republicans and Dixiecrats that often dominates House business. The challenge will be based on an 11-page DSG report made public June 24. Some of the Study Group's findings:

► The Appropriations Committee holds about 300 meetings each year, all behind closed doors, and beyond the view of taxpayers, whose money is being allocated.

► A 1946 act required committees to maintain a record of all votes on which a record is demanded, but there is no rule which says it must be released to the public.

► Appropriations Committee reports and hearings are generally not available to House members until the day bills are reported. The record of Armed Services Committee hearings is normally not available until the day before floor consideration of a bill from that committee.

► When the whole House acts, votes on amendments are usually not recorded. Votes are taken either by voice or a division of the House (in which members stand to be counted), or by teller (members file up an aisle between tellers who count them). The public doesn't know how, or even if, a congressman voted. Reporters in the press gallery see only the backs of heads. Since no one will know anyway, only a third of the members bother to vote in many instances.

► All House-Senate conferences, which iron out differences in bills passed by the two houses are secret; votes aren't recorded. A conference report is sometimes filed at the end of one day, the vote taken the beginning of the next, before members have time to read the report carefully.

Secrecy would be curtailed by DSG-recommended amendments to the House rules. They would allow clerks to record the names of members as they pass through teller lines. Committee votes would have to be made public. Committee meetings could be closed only on a two-thirds vote of the committee, and in each such case the reason would itself have to be disclosed. Committee reports on appropriations bills would have to be delivered to congressmen at least a week before House action.

The House has company. The Pentagon keeps secret from Congress the amounts of military aid going to specific countries. Taiwan got $144 million, a probe disclosed, when Congress had thought it got $341,000. Secrecy shrouds the Laos operation. What does it cost? $50 million a year? $400 million? Somebody knows but isn't telling.

The Nixon Watch

Why Cambodia?

San Clemente

The country should be grateful to Mr. Nixon for the orgy of explanation and justification with which he celebrated the withdrawal of American ground troops from Cambodia. It was one hell of a show, informative in ways that the President could not have intended.

It may fairly be said to indicate a state of profound official unease and defensiveness about the Cambodian operation. The restless, jumpy quality that marked Mr. Nixon's behavior when he announced his decision to undertake the operation was again in evidence. His staff first said that he would be too busy with his preparations for his network "conversation" to greet Mrs. Nixon when she returned from a mercy mission to Peru and landed at a nearby marine airbase. He changed his mind, made the short chopper trip to greet her, choppered back to the Western White House, and immediately departed for Los Angeles, there to hole up in a hotel for 24 hours instead of completing the preparations at his secluded office and home on the San Clemente coast.

All of it was useful, just the same. In conjunction with earlier statements and background supplements, the performance provided an authoritative insight into Nixon policy and purposes, not only in Southeast Asia but in the larger world. What follows is a series of conclusions derived from the proffered official explanations, public and private, of why the President ordered the Cambodian "incursion" and of what he hoped to accomplish with it.

It was intended in part to demonstrate to three adversaries – the Communist governments in Hanoi, Peking, and Moscow – that they cannot and must not

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assume that the course of American policy under Richard Nixon is always and safely predictable. Most of the time and on most levels of policy, we have recently been told at the White House, the President intends and wants to be steady and predictable. But if ever the adversaries of the United States, and most especially Hanoi, get the idea that nothing that they may do to offend or provoke the United States will affect what the President does, then the planning of the adversaries becomes altogether too easy for them and the pressure upon the United States becomes ever greater. A minimum of unpredictability is desirable, but that minimum is essential. Mr. Nixon, so reasoning, knew when he ordered the Cambodian operation that his action would have an effect upon the Soviet government. It would be well for the United States if the Soviet and other adversaries were made to realize, perhaps to an extent that they had not recently realized, that it could be dangerous for all concerned to let problems and situations much wider than those in Indochina remain static and unresolved, on an assumption that the United States would do nothing about them if the other parties didn't. Thus, precisely because it was unexpected, the action in Cambodia could indirectly improve the possibilities of progress toward big-power sponsorship of a negotiated Arab-Israeli settlement and, for another example with global significance, in the effort at the SALT talks to limit nuclear armaments by agreement. The officials who said this on the President's behalf also said, with emphasis and with no discernible sense of contradiction, that achieving the indicated effect was not a specific objective of the Cambodian operation and was not a factor in the President's decision to order it. There was no intention, they said, to confront the Soviet Union with anything or to trigger it into concessions on other issues.

The President made the completion of the American withdrawal the occasion for a renewed and intensified call for a negotiated peace. It was said when the attack upon the Cambodian sanctuaries was ordered that it just might persuade Hanoi that negotiation was preferable to continued warfare. The hope underlying the President's newest statements and moves is a little, but only a little, stronger than it was 60 days ago. It rests mainly, in the anguished and recent words of a Nixon staff adviser, upon a conviction that the North Vietnamese simply cannot be the only people in history who have no regard whatever for material losses and difficulties, and it is tempered, now as in the past, by a realization that North Vietnam's rulers and fighters have displayed a courage, a stubbornness, that may indicate that for them negotiation in our meaning of the term is impossible. Mr. Nixon's advisers deduce from the slim available evidence that Hanoi is reassessing its situation. They also deduce – they say they have not been told – that the Soviet government prefers negotiation now or soon to indefinite continuance of the war, and that it may be suggesting as much to the Hanoi government. The recall to Hanoi of a few of its key ambassadors has been noted, with hope but no certain knowledge that this indicates that Hanoi is as worried as our logic tells the President and his advisers it ought to be.

A factor in the slight revival of hope, short of declared expectation, is a shift of nuance in the published Nixon terms that the President included in his April 20 speech, announcing his plan to withdraw 150,000 more Americans from South Vietnam by next May 1. Always before April 20, he had stipulated that free elections in South Vietnam must figure in any negotiated settlement. Now he said, without mentioning elections, that a negotiated "political solution" should be possible and could be acceptable. It was the farthest he had been willing to go toward a public indication that the undeclared equivalent of coalition postwar government might be negotiated if the North Vietnamese were prepared to bargain in Paris. To the dismay of Henry Kissinger and others at the White House, the press was slow to recognize and publicize a major piece of bait. Their disappointment suggested that the President was relying upon the press, rather than upon the private channels that have been used in the past to convey secret intimations of American "flexibility," to impress upon Hanoi the implied significance of the change. The reason why the nuance was not spelled out directly to Hanoi illuminates the Administration's dilemma and indicates that it in part had made the dilemma for itself. The Nixon-Kissinger theory has been that any explicit or direct show of concession, beyond what the Administration thinks it has already conceded, in advance of substantive negotiation would inspire Hanoi to hold out for more and more concessions, to the point of American surrender without negotiation.

Thousands of words were addressed here publicly and privately, to the question of what the President now intends for and in Cambodia. He intends what he has intended since he took the war from South Vietnam into Cambodia. He intends to restrict himself and the United States only to his promise that no more American ground troops will be used there, and otherwise to do with air and Asian action whatever he deems necessary to deny effective possession and control of Cambodia to the Communists. He hopes to accomplish this objective without committing the United States to the preservation of a non-Communist Cambodian government. But this and all other restrictions upon the American presence in Cambodia are subject to change if the North Vietnamese and the Vietcong raise the level of their military action and threat to a point that the President thinks intolerable.

The effect upon me of the week's elaborate apology

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for the Nixon decision was to affirm my initial conclusion that it was madness. The Administration's stated rationale for the attack upon the North Vietnamese border sanctuaries is that the Communists had turned inward from Cambodia from those sanctuaries and were threatening to make the whole country a base for heightened attack upon the Americans in South Vietnam. If this is so – and the case for its being so seems to me extremely weak – it follows that the United States is committed to indefinite battle in Cambodia to preserve it from Communist control. The President's own briefers made nonsense of his repeated assertions that he had not intended to widen the war and in fact had not widened it. They said, in boasting of recently reduced American casualties in South Vietnam, that the war had moved westward, into Cambodia, and implied a hope that it will continue to be focused there. In terms of national responsibility, whether the President succeeds in confining American military action to air support – his pledge that it will be limited to air "interdiction" of enemy supply lines is a transparent euphemism – and in holding the ground with Cambodian, South Vietnamese and possibly Thai forces, is irrelevant. Mr. Nixon's claim that he has achieved in Cambodia the greatest military success of the Vietnam war is tenable only if it be granted that the way to diminish the American involvement and to end the war is to expand it.

John Osborne

Shriver on the Road

There are buttons that urge "Shriver in '72," others say "Shriver for Something." By accepting the chairmanship of the new Democratic campaign operation dubbed "Congressional Leadership for the Future," Sargent Shriver has done nothing to put the button brokers out of business. All the former Ambassador to France wants is to help others, which is what Richard Nixon wanted too, in 1966. Nixon hired a small staff, and with the assistance of Congressman Bob Wilson, chairman of the House Republican Campaign Committee, he worked his way back and forth across the country on behalf of struggling Republican candidates. Quite a few of those candidates won in the November elections, and no one was surprised when Nixon men began collecting those debts in 1968. With every speech and every plate of chicken and peas, he stored up political credit.

In announcing that he would head the new committee to elect Democrats this year, Shriver told a packed press conference that he had been "struck by the loss of faith on the part of many Americans. . . . They are looking for a new leadership, new motivations, new ideas – a new vision for America." He did not mean to suggest any lack of Democratic leadership, but several of his key backers among the over 100 congressmen who applauded the Shriver mission said *they* do believe their party suffers from a leadership vacuum, which Shriver could fill: he is nationally known, financially endowed, and available. It won't be "Sarge's fault," Congressman Wayne Hayes of Ohio said, if potential convention delegates happen to hear him speak and come away so impressed that they remember him two years hence.

But the Shriver road has some potholes. Senator Muskie, of whom audiences have been seeing a good deal, is not wildly pleased at Shriver having an official wagon on which to ride about the country; neither is Senator McGovern nor Birch Bayh. Most, however, agree with Harold Hughes that if Shriver can help win or retain Democratic seats, more power to him.

Competing claimants are not Shriver's only embarrassment. There are resentments that go back to 1968. Kennedy supporters remember that Shriver stayed in Paris while Robert Kennedy was battling for the Presidential nomination. Shriver tried for three days this May to talk a key Kennedy strategist into heading his ill-fated Maryland campaign for governor, and was turned down. Aides of former Vice President Humphrey recall that Shriver was asked in August of 1968 to become national chairman of citizens for Humphrey-Muskie; Shriver refused. Instead, they say, Shriver promised to return in October to campaign for the ticket. October came, but not Shriver. Near the end of his stint as Democratic National Chairman, Senator Fred Harris asked Shriver to become national finance chairman; Shriver said no.

When a large-scale 1970 campaign committee plan featuring Shriver first surfaced as an independent enterprise, Democratic National Chairman Lawrence O'Brien blasted it as "divisive" and was backed up by Shriver's brother-in-law Senator Edward Kennedy. It was said that Shriver had not fully cleared the operation with O'Brien, and that Shriver stood O'Brien up on two occasions when meetings were scheduled. Shriver's backers also appear to have used Senator Kennedy's name without his consent. Kennedy did show up at the news conference announcing the revised, scaled-down campaign committee, but only long enough for some brief picture taking. O'Brien was further angered when a carefully worded press release detailing some conditions surrounding the new committee failed to turn up at Shriver's news conference. The release won limited distribution only after O'Brien threatened to withdraw his support.

Dan Blackburn

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The Aspinall Report

This Land Is Whose Land?

Chairman Wayne Aspinall of Colorado and the Public Land Laws Review Commission is a smart old range boss. He and his hands, mostly seasoned punchers from the West but including a few Eastern dudes, pulled into town the other day with a report for Congress and the President on open spaces out West. They had been five years on the trail and spent $7 million. The lands, mostly in 11 Western states and Alaska, have immense value and become more valuable as the nation grows. Annual revenues from them are nearly a half billion dollars, and if one includes the oil take from the outer continental shelf, more than $2 billion. Uncle Sam's holdings total more than 755 million acres, a third of the nation's 2.2 billion acre land area. The federal government owns 95 percent of Alaska, 86 percent of Nevada.

From 1781 to 1970, some 1.1 billion acres were disposed of through homesteading, grants to states and railroads, and in other ways. What remains in federal hands includes vast areas set aside for special purposes such as national parks and forests. But more than half of it is simply public domain – land never designated for a particular use.

In 1964 Congress established a 19-member commission and instructed it to review the multiplicity of laws and regulations governing the public lands. The commission was to recommend changes it felt might be wise in order to carry out a policy laid down by Congress, namely "that the public lands of the United States shall be (a) retained and managed or (b) disposed of, all in a manner to provide the maximum benefit for the general public." This was an immense assignment, involving the analysis of conflicts between the federal, state and local governments, between government and private users of the public lands for pleasure or profit, and between competing users – ranchers, the lumber industry, miners, recreationists and farmers.

The tone of the Aspinall commission's 342-page report (*One Third of the Nation's Land*, Government Printing Office, $4.50) was assured by the way Congress set up the inquiry. Rep. Aspinall, chairman of the House Interior Committee, is no foe of the miner, logger or cattleman. The commission's dozen congressional members came from the Senate and House Interior Committees, traditionally weighted toward the West; they, together with six public members named by President Lyndon B. Johnson, were backed up by an Advisory Council on which Congress specifically decreed that landowners, lumber, mining, oil and gas and other interests would have a voice. They did. Conservationists had a voice, too, but they estimate that fully 85 percent of the Aspinall panel was directly representative of the "extractive" interests or served them one way or another. It is a tribute to Aspinall's skill that he was able to give the President a "consensus report" cluttered only in a few instances by separate views of individual members. The absence of separate views did not mean there was unanimity. A member or two, it was rumored, didn't like the way the wind was blowing and stayed away, leaving themselves free to criticize later.

First of all, the commission urged reversal of the federal policy that the United States ought to get rid of the 465,000,000 acres of so-called "public domain" lands – the lands administered by the Bureau of Land Management of the Interior Department. They have never been withdrawn, or reserved, or set aside for specific use either by Congress or by executive action. As the commission recognized, the disposal policy has already fallen out of use and its reversal would adjust policy to facts. Having recommended this practical adjustment, however, the commission rejected the notion "that merely because these lands are owned by the federal government, they should all remain forever in federal ownership." At the same time, the commission concluded the "maximum public interest" would not be served by putting most public lands in private ownership at the time and it supported concepts embodied in establishing and maintaining the national forests, the National Park System, the national wildlife refuges and other areas carved from the lands. It did, however, propose "an immediate review" of areas set aside by executive action and asserted the authority of Congress in this field. The commission argued that tracts of land put away as national forests, national monuments and other purposes by the executive branch "have not had adequate study." The purpose of the new reviews would be to determine whether ownership should be federal or private, and, further, which lands should be designated for special uses. "This means that dedications that have stood for decades since Teddy Roosevelt's time, are being challenged," one conservationist leader remarked.

The prospect of millions of hard-fought acres tossed up for grabs will cause an outcry, as will the commission's proposal – one of the report's 137 specific numbered recommendations – that "management of public lands should recognize the highest and best use of particular areas of land as dominant over other authorized uses." This is seen as cutting athwart the multiple use principle of land planning that Congress has written into the laws since 1960, giving recognition to such varied yields as timber, water, forage, wildlife and recreation.

The commission would give preference to grazing, logging and mining on much of the public lands. It

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would also, in a significant and laudable change, have the taxpayers receive market value for what is taken away. In the case of grazing lands, the commission would offer for sale some lands chiefly valuable for that purpose. On what remains in federal hands, domestic livestock should be declared as the dominant use "where appropriate."

Identify and classify suitable forests "for commercial timber production as the dominant use," the commission said, but permit secondary uses if compatible. Something under half of total federal forest lands would be made into "timber production units."

As to mining, the commission said the exploration, development of minerals on the public lands should be encouraged, and that this use should often have headway over others, if there is a conflict. It recommended what three dissenting commissioners called "only minor surgery" on the outrageous 1872 Mining Law, under which hard-rock miners can run amok on the federal preserve. It did say miners ought to pay for what they extract, and that land damaged by mining ought to be restored as part of the deal. In general, however, "the federal government generally should rely on the private sector for mineral exploration, development and production by maintaining a continuing invitation to explore for and develop minerals on the public lands. We are satisfied that private enterprise has succeeded well in meeting our national mineral needs, and we see no reason to change this traditional policy."

There are excellent things in the report and the voluminous studies compiled for it, including many fine statements on conservation and the environment. But, as chairman Aspinall said at a press briefing, "Nature is probably one of the worst offenders, as far as maintaining the environment is concerned." And man, he added reasonably, does harvest nature's gifts.

The National Resources Council of America, a combine of conservationist organizations, monitored the commission carefully as Aspinall led his outfit across the mountains and over the prairies. The council is now digesting the report itself and will publish its critique by fall. In general, the outdoors people are expected to say the findings are overly concerned with the cash register and too protective of private exploiters.

Stewart M. Brandborg, executive director of the Wilderness Society, feels that the commission, for which Milton A. Pearl was staff director, performed a significant public service. "The corporate interests that control most of the mining and lumbering are brought out into the bright sunlight," he says. "Their role in bringing pressure on the federal agencies can be seen by the public. . . . We owe the commission a lot for bringing these issues to the fore."

William K. Wyant, Jr.

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Some Seem to Know How to Do It

Teaching Writing

by Joseph Featherstone

For several years, a small organization called the Teachers and Writers Collaborative has been placing professional writers in classrooms to work with children and teachers on a regular basis, not as performers or visiting firemen. Based mainly in New York, the project also runs teacher workshops, develops some materials, and puts out a newsletter in the form of a magazine. The newsletter prints class diaries, reflections and notes on teaching and composition, and, above all, masses of student writing – poems, blues, haiku, comic strips, fables, mock advertisements ("Scrubbly Bubbly guarantees your nose will fall off"), bestiaries, word collages and printograms (words run together to form a drawing, a peace dove, for example), interviews, even a parody of a Dick and Jane reader. The newsletter comes out fitfully, and the quality is uneven. But it improves every issue, and I'd like to see it, or something like it, get known as a forum where students, writers, and teachers could publish and find out what others are up to. None of the under-

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ground high school publications is doing that so far; many have bite and topicality, but they are too short-lived, and too narrow in their interests to be much concerned with developing students' writing. The editors of high school underground papers know that our schools don't encourage writing of any sort, and from the perspective of their experience, they must find it hard to believe that adults and students can meet with common profit, as they do in the Collaborative.

Teachers who come across the newsletter will not discover a technique for encouraging kids to write. No fixed methods can be abstracted from a particular classroom experience and transferred intact to another setting. Yet teachers in various times and places have found certain ideas useful, particularly in getting started. Some of the Collaborative writers, for example, hit upon the fact that children are intrigued by "found" poems, poems formed by picking sentences at random from books and signs and putting them together. Students are surprised to learn that they already know poetry, street poetry, like the skip rope chant: "Apples in the summer/ Peaches in the fall/ Don't let your mother catch you/ Kissing in the hall." And there are old formulas that sometimes prove helpful in giving uncertain children a framework on which to build a first piece of writing, such as a work constructed on the theme: "I used to be a ____, but now I'm a ____."

One section of the latest newsletter I've received does something rare: it presents teachers talking about ideas that fell flat. As a rule, educators shun autopsies, so it's refreshing to have a teacher set the tone for a discussion of one botched class with a rueful quote from T. S. Eliot's lugubrious parody of Marlowe: "I used to be a taxidermist; but that was in another country, and besides, the animals were dead." Phillip Lopate tells about a class in which he and another teacher got students excited about an idea, and nothing happened: ". . . perhaps too much of their liveliness was channeled into the preliminaries . . . both assignments began with too concrete an idea in the teacher's mind of what he wanted . . . the students had no choice but to psych out what the teacher might have in mind . . ." As a rule of thumb, he concludes, more general assignments, invitations to write about wishes and such, give students more room to wander about.

One of the Collaborative poets, Kenneth Koch, did an extended stint teaching at PS 61 on the lower East Side of New York, and has put together a fresh, lively anthology of his kids' writing, called *Wishes, Lies, Dreams* (Chelsea House publishers, distributed by Random House). In the introduction, which appeared in the April 9, *New York Review of Books*, Koch talks about how he started with poems written collectively by the whole class, and then urged the children to branch out on their own. They did poems in which every line states a wish – a repetitive device that automatically gives poems a certain rough, sing-song structure. The little children in the school took these very seriously; on the other hand, 6th graders wrote stuff like: "I wish JV would turn into a ruffles potato chip." Koch found that certain suggestions were helpful in priming the pump: at first, at least, avoid rhyme, make the poem crazy, or silly, put a comparison, or a noise, or a color, in every line. Some of the late comparison poems nicely mixed senses and meanings:

Snow is as white as the sun shines.
The sky is as blue as a waterfall.
A rose is as red as a beating of drums.
The clouds are as white as the busting of a firecracker.
A tree is as green as a roaring lion.

The process of writing was cumulative. From poems about wishes, comparisons, colors, and noises, the class moved on to poems about dreams, and, sure enough, these incorporated lots of wishes, comparisons, colors, and noises. A variety of metaphor poem flourished after a child mistakenly wrote about a "Swan of bees," instead of a "swarm," and students began playing with words: "I had a dream of my banana pillow/ And of my pyjamas of oranges."

One of the striking things Koch noticed – and this is familiar to teachers working in the arts – is how much the children drew from each other's work. If one student wrote: "I used to be a fish/ But now I'm a nurse," another listened and played variations:

"I used to be a nurse
But now I am a dead person.
I always was Mr. Coke.
But now I am Mrs. Seven Up."

Gradually, through what at first were fairly mechanical exercises, the class developed what amounted to a home-made literary tradition based on various familiar sorts of poems they had tried, or at least seen others try. Up to this point, Koch found, the best poetry to read to stimulate further efforts was other children's work. After this point, however, some were able to listen to adult poetry and make use of it. When Koch read some of Wallace Stevens' "Harmonium" poems, echoes of Stevens emerged in the children's poetry: "Owl go like who and who. Who and who and who . . ." Or: "The sun had the glare of glass in it." Some lovely work followed a reading of verse by D. H. Lawrence.

Koch's children also had fun with poems and words in Spanish, which many of the children spoke, with sestinas and pantoums, and with "I seem to be/ But really I am" poems. They wrote poems in which every line had to be a lie. Out of this last assignment, for reasons I don't quite understand, came the following

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extraordinary poem by Jeff Morley, a fifth grader:

The Dawn of Me

I was born nowhere
And I live in a tree
I never leave my tree
It is very crowded
I am stacked up right against a bird
But I won't leave my tree
Everything is dark
No light!
I hear the bird sing
I wish I could sing
My eyes, they open
And all around my house
The Sea
Slowly I get down in the water
The cool blue water
Oh and the space
I laugh swim and cry for joy
This is my home
For Ever

Somewhat to his surprise, Koch discovered that his youngsters enjoyed writing poems in the classroom rather than at home, which was too close to being homework. The noise didn't bother them, and they seemed to like the idea of writing together. His job, as he saw it, was to help them with hard words, and give them ideas, applause, encouragement: "So I was useful in the classroom for getting the children in a good mood to write and then for keeping them going. And they were useful to each other in creating a humming and buzzing creative ambience . . ."

Marvin Hoffman, who runs the Collaborative, is modest about what it has accomplished so far. By being small and special, it has inched around the whole question of teaching credentials for its writers. And it certainly hasn't cracked all the problems of dealing with the beleaguered New York school system. The biggest obstacles are in the high schools, where fear of student uprisings and repression are rampant, and censorship of student expression is the rule. It is a small, but significant, indication of the desperate state of the high schools that a project like the Collaborative can't generally work in them, even though it has found plenty of elementary and junior high schools to work in. (Nor is this only true of New York's high schools.) As an organization, the Collaborative also suffers from the enfeebling ailments of enterprises in education and the arts that depend on charity. What funds exist are often given out on the questionable assumption that a good project will automatically find its own base of support after a limited period of sponsorship. A string of sponsors has given the Collaborative grants, the most recent being the National Endowment for the Humanities; prospects of raising more money are doubtful, however, and it looks as though it could slowly fade away.

Hoffman says there is a real division in the project between, mainly, the black and Puerto Rican poets and writers and their white colleagues. Broadly, it might be called political in nature, and it reflects a climate that no one in our city schools today can escape. The black and Puerto Rican writers are particularly interested in helping students become more conscious of themselves as black and Puerto Rican, as part of a cultural and political movement. The whites tend to focus on writing. A more prosaic and less political problem is recruiting writers who can teach and work with teachers. It will come as no surprise to literary historians that some writers can't teach; or that some aren't good at dealing with other adults. Teachers are always being victimized by experts of one sort or another who sweep into their classrooms, tell them how it should be done, and then depart, pocketing their consultant fees. The resentment is understandably keener when the expert turns out to be a flop with the children. Even when the expert does have something to offer, as the Collaborative writers do, he needs tact and diplomacy, qualities always in short supply in schools.

The contents of the Collaborative's newsletter plainly reflect the concerns of professional writers, and, in particular, of poets. The children's writing is very largely "literary," in the sense of taking place in separate realm, consciously poetic at its best – as in Jeff Morley's poem – and cute and artificial at its worst. It is probably not the Collaborative people's fault that there is no decent writing on science or math projects – they are working with the schools as they exist, after all – but the newsletter for the most part lacks good examples of children's prose on real experiences in or out of school.

The truth is, I think, that poetry is not everybody's cup of tea. Anyway, most of us would not write consistently well if we were called upon to make poems every day for a special period in an ordinary, bare classroom. (Even if the encouragement came from such an obviously engaging man as Kenneth Koch.) Some would do pretty well, and for a while, most of us might be learning something about poetic forms and poets – we would certainly profit from participating in the common, ongoing literary endeavor that was Koch's main achievement at PS 61. The experience

COMING: The early writings of Walter Lippmann — reviewed by James Reston

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of trying on the poet's role would be good for us, too. After a while, though, I suspect we would lack things to write about; we would need more stimulation, some experiences to feed on. This is particularly true of children, but it also holds for adults: think of people in those "creative writing" classes, all dressed up with no place to go. Many of us would tire of the specialty called poetry and the class period called writing.

This is another way of saying that the Collaborative's admirable effort runs into some of the difficulties that all specializations meet in schools. A few weeks ago, I was visiting IS 201 in Harlem, the intermediate school which has been the historic battleground for so many of the skirmishes in the struggle for community control. (The demonstration district to which it belongs is scheduled to end this summer, although no one quite knows just what will happen.) The two art teachers there, Irene Mayson and Patricia Lamendola, got their children absorbed in West African art, with astonishing results: papier-mache masks of all sorts and colors, dyed fabrics, paintings, lino cuts, rich, detailed woodcuts, and wonderful carvings in mahogany: masks, friezes, abstract designs. Some of the work, especially in wood, was as beautiful as I've seen in any school – and amazing to come across in a junior high school, since they are not usually such interesting places. As you looked over this gorgeous stuff, you wanted a way of applying some of the energy that went into it to all the other subjects taught in the building. Good things are happening in the school, but it faces terrible problems, and its excellent principal, Ronald Evans, would be the first to concede that nothing elsewhere matches the quality of the art.

Obviously having first-rate art teachers is a blessing for IS 201, just as the Collaborative writers would be good for any school. It is beneficial – and pretty rare – for children to come across adults who really know an academic subject; it is probably even more beneficial for them to meet grown-ups who are good at their respective craft, who have something to teach they live for. (This applies to lawyers and carpenters, as much as artists, writers, and musicians.) But it is disappointing to see the way the schools close around the specialists they do get, isolating them from the rest of school life. (In bad schools, this isolation protects the specialists and often leaves their classrooms little islands of life.) If the Collaborative survives, I hope it can cooperate more with teachers in attempts to remake the school curriculum entirely. It should in any case be paying more attention to teachers. In the meantime, Koch's book and the Collaborative's work are additional proofs of a point that has to be trumpeted at our schools until the walls come tumbling down: all children can write, lyrically, playfully, and seriously; a school in slum or suburb in which free writing isn't going on is a failure, whatever its reading scores.

In thinking about the school curriculum, the Collaborative's writers could profit by taking a look at a quarterly called *Foxfire*, put out by students and a teacher at the Rabun Gap-Nacoochie high school in Rabun Gap, Georgia. *Foxfire* is seriously concerned with accurately recording Appalachian folkways, arts, crafts, and traditions. It usually includes some good book reviews – the current issue has a fine piece on William Matthew's new collection of poetry – and some poems and art work that seem to be mainly by adult contributors.

The heart of the Foxfire enterprise is an extensive series of taped interviews done by the students with mountain people, talking about various crafts and traditions. One whole issue was about log cabin building, another had pieces on quilting, chairmaking, soapmaking, and other trades. The latest issue has extremely detailed anecdotes, notes, and photographs on hunting and training dogs; directions for dressing and cooking raccoon, possum, and groundhog, as well as more familiar game animals like deer. A long section explains all about slaughtering, curing and cooking hogs. There is a splendid interview with a vividly outspoken old lady named Aunt Arie, who lives alone in a log cabin; as the students help her cook a pig's head, she describes her terror when a freezing spell swelled the door to her food cellar and she couldn't get in. There is an editorial attacking the antique dealers in the region, who sound like a pack of swindlers. One victim describes a scoundrelly freeloader right out of Mark Twain:

> "But he can pray a good prayer. He come one evenin' an' it come up a storm an' he got down on his knees on one side a'th'well an'see, I can't get down on my knees, an' – got down on his knees; an' you never heared such a prayer come out'a nobody in your life as come out'a that man. An' I's standin' there about t'faint a'standin' there so long. I'd been run all day and starved t' death anyhow; an' I'uz just glad when he got done. He prayed a good prayer though. He just prayed a real good'n. He comes in about the time I got dinner ready, an' he comes in and eats."

It is important in discussions of students' writing to keep emphasizing that the main point is not the finished work, the poem or whatever, but rather how the experience helps the student. The same holds for a venture like *Foxfire*, which is not mainly a literary magazine, and which relies heavily on the tape recorder and the camera. It is the experience of putting it all together that counts. Reading *Foxfire*, you sense that some students in Rabun Gap are learning something.

Teachers and Writers Collaborative *Newsletter*, Pratt Center, 244 Vanderbilt Avenue, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11205, $13.00 for 4 issues.

Foxfire, Rabun Gap, Georgia 30568, $4.00 for 4 issues.

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Medicare on Its Fourth Birthday

Alive but Not Well

by Mal Schechter

On its fourth birthday, the $6.75 billion-a-year Medicare program is in trouble. It has had successes, to be sure – enlisting 20 million elderly persons who had been frozen out of decent private health insurance, getting 7000 hospitals and 4800 nursing homes to participate, obtaining grudging cooperation from most of the nation's 250,000 private physicians, establishing the country's largest health insurance operation. Considering the acrimony in 1966 when it began, Medicare's greatest accomplishment may be that it works at all.

But success has been bought on terms increasingly onerous to the taxpaying, premium-paying public. Without changes in costs, delivery and uses of services, Medicare needs more payroll taxes to meet a 25-year projected deficit of $236 billion in hospital-related (Part A) benefits, almost a 100 percent overrun. In the voluntary doctor-payment plan (Part B), the original $3 monthly premium paid by the elderly themselves reached $5.30 last month as the trust fund almost went dry. The hospitalization deductible, originally $40, now is $52. Co-insurance rates are up similarly. Medicare covers less than half the health expenses of the elderly population, at least one-third of whom are at or near the poverty line. The rise in their retirement incomes – including a 15 percent gain this year in Social Security cash benefits – is compromised by medical-hospital inflation of 12-14 percent a year amid general inflation of six percent. Medicare seems a thinning shield against the threat of medical indigency. The aged direly need help in paying for costly outpatient drugs. Medicare does not cover them or dental and preventive medical services. But Congress is in no mood to add benefits until current costs are brought to heel. Waiting in the wings are 1.4 million disabled workers on Social Security rolls; a proposal to cover them was put aside recently as too costly by the House Ways and Means Committee.

Medicare has been described as both victim and contributor to medical-hospital inflation. More than one observer has noted ironically that Medicare seems better at insuring the providers of care than patients. It has paid through the nose for their cooperation, defending leniency in the name of getting the program moving. The Social Security Administration, Medicare's executor, met enormous resistance to basic surveillance procedures; SSA had an interest but no great stake in bucking the health field to get efficiency and economy. Policies of pluralism and consultation, its marching orders, meant almost automatic deference to the health establishment after legal and accounting protocols were satisfied.

Yet the main cause of Medicare troubles has been the health industry's own ingrained disorganization – including notoriously inefficient and hard to administer hospitals, cottage industry fee-for-service private practice, and weak, hamstrung community health planning. Just to organize the program fiscally, SSA had to stage a minor revolution in cost-accounting standardization in hospitals and insurance companies. The legislation and the founding strategy of Wilbur Cohen, Medicare's principal architect, may have been fundamentally wrong. The decision to cast Medicare as an *insurance* program and entrust it to a cash-benefit paying agency symbolized the objective: to relieve and prevent medical indigency. That this humanitarian objective may not be accomplished without reform of the health industry may be the message Medicare holds for us all.

To finance a benefit without creating the implementing organization, manpower and other resources is a prescription for the inflation we have had. Medicare legislation was written and enacted amidst chronic shortages of resources, especially of physicians. While program costs zoom, most of the nation's 100 medical schools are in grave financial trouble – some verging on bankruptcy, and the backlog in hospital construction and modernization, already enormous, is growing. (Senator Edward Kennedy estimates the cost of needed construction will run to $6 billion and that it would take $11 billion to bring existing facilities up to date.) Viewing Medicare as a lenient and sure source of payment at a time when federal manpower and construction grant programs were falling further behind needs, institutions and practitioners have jockeyed to obtain self-serving advantages (which they say are in the public interest) from Medicare.

The chaos in national health policy was demonstrated anew late last month when the President vetoed a three-year, $2.79 billion extension of the Hill-Burton hospital construction law. The House voted to override, 279-98, the majority including 67 Republicans; the Senate did likewise, by 76 to 19. The hard-working hospital lobby seemed highly pleased, although the bill – a hodgepodge of old and new think-

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ing glued together with greenbacks – was hardly their ideal. A feature likely to aggravate inflation of hospital (and Medicare) costs was authority for $1.5 billion in federal guarantees of loans, if obtainable in the high-interest market. Purposes of the loans would have to be approved by state planning bodies, many hospital dominated and unaccustomed to thinking in terms of systems of inpatient and outpatient services. A political football was the bill's provision requiring the President to spend certain manpower, research, and construction appropriations fully. While Mr. Nixon and GOP leaders on the Hill chanted fiscal irresponsibility, Democrats chorused over social irresponsibility for not meeting health needs.

Take nonprofit community hospitals and their underfinancing. Medicare calls for reimbursing beneficiaries the reasonable cost of services. Hospitals wanted "cost" to include a factor for capital needs they consider vital. Threatening nonparticipation just before Medicare began, they got SSA to find a way to add two percent to "cost." (The two percent was recinded a year ago in an economy move.) Though Medicare pays well on the costs it recognizes as obligations, hospitals contend Medicare does not pay in all legitimate categories. Alas, cost is hard to define, hospitals have poor accounting systems, and arguments over cost lack precise data. However defined, paying "whatever it reasonably costs" is clearly inflationary, when there is no economy incentive, especially with SSA leaning over backwards to be "reasonable."

No one really knows if Medicare and Blue Cross, for example, pay their true shares, or one subsidizes the other. It is hard to take SSA's word that it is paying about right, when Blue Cross is the principal Medicare payments intermediary. The trouble with providing capital to hospitals through services rather than community or government investment is that it puts an unconscionable burden on the sick patient, bypasses or weakens the power of comprehensive health planning bodies, and is an incentive to overuse of services. The capacity to generate capital out of services should not be the arbiter of how community or regional medical needs are met.

Medicare has been distorted by its own administrators and by patients. Congress provided for "extended care," by which it meant convalescent care in a less expensive wing or facility after acute hospitalization. But SSA regulations interpreted this as permitting skilled nursing-home care. The expected costs quadrupled. Moreover, SSA allowed most nursing homes to meet standards only partially. Loose standards and enforcement provided no protection for 32 Ohio beneficiaries who died last January in a nursing-home fire, spread by dangerous carpeting.

Then, for some strange reason, Medicare law says you aren't entitled to extended care *unless* it is preceded by at least three days of hospitalization. This prerequisite makes no sense to those who don't need hospitalization but do need something like a nursing home. Some physicians admit running patients through hospitals simply to establish their eligibility for extended care. To cut abuse, SSA recently defined this benefit strictly and denied claims retroactively, horrifying patients who got unexpected bills from nursing homes. In response, some physicians are keeping their patients in the hospital longer, which again raises costs.

Some teaching hospitals, sorely needing money, have converted Part B into a subsidy to medical education by charging "attending physician" fees for patients previously treated free as teaching patients. Congress never intended the elderly, through premiums, to pay for medical education or hospital improvement. Cook County (Chicago) Hospital benefitted from this subsidy practice until SSA ruled it out of order. About $1 million in undocumented or illegitimate payments is to be returned.

The Medicare law, while being distorted, also was distorting. The health-services world was upset by Part B – the voluntary doctor-payment section; it was an unexpected addition to the basic hospital-related Medicare concept and an enormous boon to inflationary fee-for-service medicine. Part B was a political compromise – some say a bribe to doctors, suddenly conceived by House Ways and Means Chairman Wilbur Mills. It did straighten out the muddle over hospital-based specialists (such as pathologists and radiologists): the American Hospital Association wanted them in Medicare, then only Part A, and organized medicine wanted them omitted, fearing that bill-rendering entrepreneurs would be swallowed up by hospital administrations with ruinous consequences to quality of care. By putting *all* physician reimbursement in a separate, voluntary Part B department, Mills dealt a blow to hospital-centered administration, complicated and raised billing costs, raised costs to the patient, and provided a hedge against expansion of Part A, feared by doctors as "socialized medicine."

Mills rushed Cohen into drafting the addition. Cohen argued that government was unprepared to deal with the intricate politics and economics of physician reimbursement. But insurance company representatives apparently convinced Mills that they could handle administration for the government, without using fee schedules dreaded by the American Medical Association. They claimed to have data on individual doctor prices, so Medicare could pay going rates and be neutral in the market. Events proved otherwise. Only two of the 50 Blue Shield and commercial carriers in Part B had fee profiles when Medicare started. Meanwhile, expecting tight fee administration, doctors had raised prices – even obstetricians and pediatricians who didn't want to be "left behind." In effect, doctors set their own fees, and their insurance-company friends

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policed them. The stage was set for the many costly abuses, documented by the Senate Finance Committee.

Patients understandably are mystified by Medicare reimbursements. The program pays 80 percent of the "reasonable charge," but SSA keeps secret the ceilings for "reasonable" which it establishes according to locale and specialty. The patient discovers that a fee exceeds "reasonable" when he gets his Medicare reimbursement check. Doctors trade this information. Since Medicare, fee variations have narrowed. The system is highly susceptible to price "creep." SSA has been tightening up. But meanwhile, Medicare's "reasonable and customary" reimbursement pattern has been used as a model by insurance companies wanting to move clients off policies with lower-paying fee schedules.

Just as private insurance distorts comprehensive medical practice by a benefit structure biased toward what is insurable rather than what is necessary for the patient, so has Medicare distorted it. Some cause for the disorder is built into the committee structure of Congress: neither house has a single committee – health rather than insurance-oriented – to address the myriad problems of planning, resource creation, and reimbursement. Medicare should have been paralleled by, or been part of, an enormous investment in planned health services. As long as a $60-billion-a-year industry remains fragmented, the waste that the late Walter Reuther calculated at $14 billion-a-year will persist. No matter what any government or private program attempts to do by itself for a fragment of the population, the effort is bound to fail: if it reimburses better than other programs, it will draw off scarce manpower and promote higher prices; if it reimburses worse, health lobbies controlling scarce health resources will ignore it or bid it up. Medicare shows this. The President's proposed extension of subsidized health insurance to the Family Assistance Plan represents still another traditional and partial solution. Various proposals for national health insurance likewise accentuate "insurance." Some look like bigger Medicares. It's a pity. The insurance route has hit a dead end in Medicare. When we speak of health services, we are talking about a necessity; access to them should be assured regardless of income. We need a National Health "Something" – a new term should be coined that means comprehensive health services, comprehensively planned, delivered, and financed.

Power-Hungry America

Where Will We Get the Energy

by Ralph E. Lapp

This summer's power brown-out reminds us that our energy affluence is subject to some restrictions. It should also drive home the fact that the energy providing our heat, light and power is largely gained by chemical destruction of nonrenewable resources. Lights go on, toasters pop, cars run and homes are heated because somewhere fossil fuels are taken from the ground and then made to release their primordial energy through combustion.

A hundred years ago the US economy was wood-powered. Seventy-three percent of its energy came from burning endless cords of wood. Gradually hard, black coal took over and by the turn of the century it was our prime fuel. At mid-century, coal was overtaken by petroleum and demoted a few years later to third rung on the fuel ladder by natural gas. Sometime in the 1980s coal will be outranked by uranium, if nuclear power expands its unsteady grip on the electric energy market.

A very recent accounting of the US energy budget showed the following percentage of energy sources:

Petroleum	43.2 percent
Natural gas	32.1 percent
Coal	20.5 percent
Hydropower	4.0 percent
Uranium	0.2 percent

This breakdown reflects a profound change in the power structure of the economy, and for a number of

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reasons it is becoming increasingly urgent that the United States undertake the most serious development of a national energy policy. The nature of the fuel mix in the year 2000 will be of critical importance to the nation and should not be arrived at by indirection.

The art of projecting technological requirements may be likened to a feat of archery. One sets down on a century-wide chart the past 70-year record (logarithmic graph paper is essential because of the exponential character of the 20th century's technology), and the archer then lines up his arrow shaft with the progression of historical points. The arrow is sent upward on a straight line course and some celestial observer notes where it crosses the terminus of the century. If this sounds somewhat zany, it really is not because most of the points on the chart fall on a straight line. They reveal man's monotonously ravenous appetite for power in all forms. The only real variation in the chart is a pronounced dip at the time of the Great Depression in the 1930s. Incidentally, kilowatts and the Gross National Product march in lock step over the course of the past 70 years.

Our hypothetical energy arrow flies out of the twentieth century at a point corresponding to the consumption of 30 billion barrels of oil per year. That's a nice round figure of 100 barrels of petroleum for everyone of the 300 million Americans who will celebrate the advent of the twenty-first century. It's an equivalent figure, of course, because the energy mix by the year 2000 will include natural gas, uranium and coal as the basic fuels. To assess the future fuel mix we can look at the arrow flight of each fuel from 1900 on.

Petroleum merits first attention because of its number one rank today. At the turn of the century, the US consumed about 40 million barrels of crude oil or about half a barrel per capita per year. Oil then provided about four percent of the nation's energy. By way of contrast, wood-burning released five times as much heat in the year 1900. The 8000 horseless carriages on the road then made small demands on the gas-lit era's oil. But in 1913 more than a million motor cars were registered, and the number reached 10 million within nine more years. America became a nation on wheels and petroleum production soared, topping the billion barrel per year mark in 1929.

Production of crude oil reached two billion barrels at mid-century and twelve years later hit the three billion barrel level. The author's sighting along this historical profile targets a 12 billion barrel annual consumption by the year 2000. Such a century-long gulping down of oil products will add up to a total of over 300 billion barrels of petroleum! Stacked end on end, these barrels would stretch from the earth to the sun and back again.

Oil burning at this rate would mean that *the last three years* of the century would witness the same consumption of petroleum as that for almost the first half century. Postulating such an oil burn-up raises a whole series of questions. Is the estimate a wild one? Does the US need this much energy? Where will the oil come from? What about pollution?

To answer the first question, one can say that the estimate of the total energy required by the year 2000 – 30 billion barrels of oil equivalent – is far from wild. Some energy projectionists put the value even higher. The 12 billion barrel figure is precisely that recently cited by Hollis Dole, Assistant Secretary of the Interior for Mineral Resources Development. It would mean tapping oil for 40 percent of the US energy output.

Asking whether the United States needs energy to the equivalent of 30 billion barrels per year is rather novel. "We are committed to economic growth," Secretary Dole said on May 5, "to the production and use of steadily increasing amounts of energy which can be turned into goods and services to meet the rising needs of the next three decades." Yet he admits: "We are strangling on polluted water and suffocating in polluted air, and are in danger of being engulfed by a tidal wave of garbage and junk cars – all directly the product of our so-called affluence made possible by stupendous expenditures of energy."

Curtailment of petroleum consumption would inevitably impose restrictions on the nation's mobility. But other factors already point in the direction of reducing motor fuel burn-up, namely, pollution controls, horsepower limits and the inability of the average American to drive more than one car at a time. But a trend from surface to air travel can boost transportation fuel requirements. On the other hand, a switch from the internal combustion engine to electric propulsion could drastically alter the fuel picture 30 years hence.

A consumption of 12 billion barrels of crude oil per year would require that America become a major importer of foreign petroleum. Men in the oil business do not talk about the year 2000; they confine themselves to 15 year time spans, and they are quite gloomy about meeting the intermediate 1975 goal of six billion barrels out of domestic production. Many experts believe that four billion barrels is the best that US wells will produce then. The Prudhoe Bay discoveries in Alaska may double the 50 billion barrel proved reserve the US expects to have in 1985, but potential is one thing and proving it out is quite another. A recent Chase Manhattan Bank study estimates that it will cost the oil industry $150 billion over the next 15 years to find and develop 105 billion barrels of oil and 560 trillion cubic feet of natural gas.

Because we have viewed petroleum as a prime strategic material, we have endeavored to meet our oil needs from domestic sources. To this end – and for conservation measures as well – we have adopted a policy of trying to maintain a high ratio of proved reserves to production (an R/P ratio). This R/P ratio has dipped below 10 but as demand increases it will be in-

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creasingly hard to maintain the balance of reserves to production without heavy reliance on oil imports.

Oil and natural gas are energy twins, often being found associated in the ground. But natural gas is much more sulfur-free and is thus a clean-burning fuel much in demand in American households. The historic growth of natural gas production has been a spectacular climb up America's energy slope of the twentieth century. This year's burn-up of the valuable fuel will exceed 21 trillion cubic feet. Our hypothetical archer's arrow would intersect the twenty-first century at a point corresponding to the annual consumption of 170 trillion cubic feet. This is highly fanciful and the energy arrow must indeed stop climbing and fall short of such a projection. Less than a year ago the US Bureau of Natural Gas took a worried look and warned that, "evidence is mounting that the supply of natural gas is diminishing to critical levels in relation to demand." The present estimate of proved gas reserves, 275 trillion cubic feet, is really not a colossal figure when one considers the rate of increase in consumption each year. In fact the Gas Board foresees "the distinct possibility that overall production deficiencies will be experienced during 1973."

There's plenty of gas in Alaska, Africa and South America but it's far from the lucrative energy markets of our northeastern states. Furthermore, being a gas, it has to be liquefied, a fairly expensive procedure, and stored at cryogenic temperatures – a cool minus 259°F. American oil companies are gearing up to exploit the LNG (Liquefied Natural Gas) tanker route. A Marathon-Phillips petroleum group is already selling Alaskan LNG to Japan, using Swedish-built cryogenic tankers of 440,000 barrel capacity. This corresponds to a volume of over one billion cubic feet of natural gas. El Paso Natural Gas plans a fleet of ten giant LNG tankers and will begin buying Algerian gas in 1973. These supercold carriers are going to be the hottest marine development of the future; they certainly will be if one blows up.

US experts are rather gloomy about finding huge new gas fields in continental areas. For one thing, only one in six exploratory wells is successful, and even the good holes are paying off less richly than they did in the past. Several million drill-holes have been bored in our 48 states, whereas the Alaskan surface is only slightly perforated. Alaskan finds will probably greatly extend gas reserves, but it's a long haul to the gas market of Chicago, for example. A 3000 mile pipeline will be required and a conservative estimate of transmission costs puts the delivered gas some 40 percent higher than pipeline gas from Texas.

Why not buy Canadian natural gas and save the long distance transmission charges? The answer is that we already buy almost half of Canada's gas production, but these imports only amount to three percent of US total consumption. Canada has a tough-minded conservation policy aimed at avoiding costly depletion of its resources. It has a National Energy Board that must approve gas export licenses and its policy is no secret – *Canadian needs must be served first.* Canada's Minister of Energy, Mines and Resources, J. J. Greene, addressing the Independent Petroleum Association at Denver on May 12, minced no words: "I feel it would be wrong for your industry and your policy makers if they were so tempted to look to Canadian supplies as a panacea for the ills of the American natural gas industry."

Still, Canada's energy czar promised a Canadian export volume of 1.6 trillion cubic feet by 1990 – enough to supply somewhat more than five percent of our estimated gas needs. This figure, he added, might be tripled if Canada's petroleum industry is favored with the proper US incentives, including assurance of a stable export market for oil and other oil products. Canada is displaying a sign: *Resources For Sale at a Price.*

There are two other resources we can tap for a supply of gas, but they are rather tightly held. An almost unlimited supply of gas can be acquired by gasifying coal. Bituminous coal is three-fourths carbon and one-twentieth hydrogen, while pipeline gas is three-fourths carbon and one-fourth hydrogen. Converting coal to useful gas is therefore basically a matter of adding hydrogen or subtracting carbon when processing coal. Many technical processes are known for this chemical conversion, but not much priority has been given to coal gasification until very recently. The technology of coal conversion still awaits large scale testing.

Nature has locked up a gas reserve of immense volume in the porous rock of gas reservoirs in Colorado and adjoining northern states. But the geologic formations need to be fractured to release the gas on a commercial basis. To this end the Atomic Energy Commission and industry have collaborated to stimulate gas production by nuclear explosives. Controversy has attended this experimentation and the economics of the nuclear stimulation must be established. In Colorado another source of gas exists in the Green River oil shales which contain kerogen, a solid hydrocarbon capable of yielding over 6000 trillion cubic feet of gas. When the Department of the Interior offered leases for oil shale property in 1968 the bidding was lackluster, presumably because of industry's Alaskan involvement.

One basic mission of those formulating a national energy policy must be assignment of high priority to assuring an adequate future supply of natural gas. However the demand for this attractive fuel outstrips the available supplies, and it appears judicious to project a modest doubling of consumption in the next 30 years. Here is one case where a basic fuel curve of the twentieth century departs from its historic pattern and bends over.

By the year 2000 we will still be burning coal – the

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dirtiest fuel – largely to generate electricity. But less than a sixth of the US total energy will be gained from coal and, conceivably, the constraints imposed by maintaining environmental quality might cut back the consumption of coal.

It is something of an oddity that of all the fuels, uranium is the most precisely predicted for its future, despite its insignificance in the energy picture for seven-tenths of the century. Since uranium will be employed to generate electricity, it is appropriate to describe its growth in kilowatt-hours, the conventional energy unit applied to electric power. It is also instructive to look back and trace the evolution of electric power.

Seventy years ago, coal-fired steam plants spun the rotors of low-power generators in a highly inefficient operation that sufficed to feed power into city systems, plants and the few American homes wired for electricity. All in all, the electric power at the turn of the century amounted to an annual consumption of 50 kilowatt-hours per capita. That's enough electricity to keep a 100 watt bulb burning for three weeks. By the mid-twenties electric power production had skyrocketed 25-fold, then it slowed down as the economy sagged, and thereafter it resumed its upward course. Total electric power consumption this year is expected to exceed 1500 billion kilowatt-hours.

Today's electric power is generated almost exclusively by over a thousand electric utilities. Over 3000 plants feed power into America's electric network. Half of the power output comes from coal-fired plants. The trend has been to build larger and larger single plants of more efficient design. For example, a one million kilowatt electric plant burns up about 9000 tons of coal each day. Seven decades ago the same power output would have consumed 70,000 tons of coal per day. However, the advantages of more efficient coal-burning have been outweighed by sheer quantities of the solid fuel consumed. Some 300 million tons of coal will be fed to steam-electric plants this year, creating a formidable pollution hazard because of the high sulfur content of most bituminous fuel and because the coal power plants are generally sited near or in cities.

US reserves of low sulfur coal are quite limited, and it is neither easy nor cheap to remove sulfur from the higher coal. Looking ahead, I would predict a growth in the use of coal for generating power, moderating in a decade and not exceeding an annual consumption of double the present rate. However, a breakthrough in the technology of sulfur removal from coal could change this estimate, as could a failure of nuclear power to achieve its set goals.

Hydropower, so important earlier in the century's electric power history, will probably supply less than five percent of the nation's electricity by the year 2000. This means that 95 percent of our power will be derived from nonrenewable resources, primarily from fossil fuels. It also means that power will continue to be produced through the generation of heat, and that all power plants will have to dispose of their waste heat. This necessity creates the thermal pollution hazard about which so much controversy has centered in the site location of new power installations.

A recent government study of generating plants to be built by 1990 shows that about 500 plants of more than 500,000 kilowatt capacity will be built. Sixty percent of these will be fossil-fueled, but these include most of the lower-powered plants. Nuclear power becomes more efficient in jumbo-size versions. Almost a hundred A-plants of more than two million kilowatt capacity are planned for the next two decades, and nuclear engineers talk enthusiastically about going to much larger power ratings. Unlike coal-fired plants that discharge some of their waste heat up stacks, nuclear plants have no such vent for their unused heat. All the latter must be gotten rid of by cooling water, and this means that nuclear-electric plants constitute a challenge to environmental safeguarding, especially in the huge plants that will turn out ten times the power of most coal-steam units built only a decade ago.

Nuclear power is rising very sharply as a source of the nation's electricity and could overtake coal-fired electric generation sometime in the mid-eighties. Nuclear plants are giving the utilities cause for concern over their value, and fossil fuels are proving hard to beat economically. However, if the nuclear-electric industry survives its prolonged gestation, then at the century's end, uranium should be the mainstay of our electric energy industry. This assumes that the nuclear technology does not come a cropper; a severe accident involving substantial radioactive contamination of a community would undoubtedly impose great restraints on the development of this new power source. It is for this reason that I have advocated controlled siting of A-plants so that they are remote from metropolitan populations, and that population adjoining the plant site be restricted.

The Atomic Energy Commission does employ a series of safeguards to assure nuclear safety, but a new class of power plant will be necessary in the 1980s if atomic electricity is to secure an economic advantage over coal anticipated at that time. As the use of uranium for producing power increases, the plants will consume the relatively cheap ($10 per pound) uranium. But then, unless a new species of power plant can be proved out, the nuclear industry will be forced to use higher-priced nuclear fuel and utilities may find it attractive to switch back to coal. At first glance the energy comparison of the two fuels would seem to weigh heavily in favor of uranium. A single pound of uranium is the energy equivalent of 2,300,000 pounds of coal. This is, however, a very misleading statistic, since it assumes that all the atoms in a pound of uranium are

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split and release their energy. In nuclear plants of present design only one to two percent of the fuel's energy is used. The reason is that a pound of uranium contains only one-tenth ounce of useful fuel, a species known as U-235; all the rest is U-238. The latter is convertible into a useful nuclear fuel, plutonium, but the nuclear design of today's A-plants converts less U-238 to plutonium than it burns up of its U-235 content. AEC experts are hopeful that a power-breeder can be operated in the next decade to produce more fuel than it burns, i.e. to *breed*.

The advent of the power-breeder will allow utilization of the majority of the uranium energy, thus extending the value of today's uranium resources. At the same time it will allow more expensive uranium to be used without an economic penalty. The power-breeder is under development and has been for many years, but no one knows when it will be operational or how it will perform. Its most critical component, its heated core, is to be cooled by a liquid metal, sodium, whereas most power designs today are water or gas cooled. I believe that this new class of nuclear-electric generator makes it mandatory that the power-breeders be remotely sited and that the immediate area around the A-site be strictly limited in population.

Utilities like to be close to their customers in order to avoid excessive transmission charges. A prudent energy policy would attach high priority to development of an efficient long-lines mode of power transfer and also a reasonable underground means of transmitting large blocks of power. As things stand, we can look forward to half a million miles of power lines marching across the countryside in 1990, claiming a total of over seven million acres. The trend toward larger power installations will accentuate the long line transmission of power. Moreover, as more nuclear plants use up the best cooling water in the country, it will be necessary to bring in the electric power from more remote regions where cooling water is available.

One consequence of the emergence of very high power electric plants may be the coalescence of utilities into groupings of super-utilities controlling the flow of power over huge sections of the nation. Indeed this power complex may be manipulated by what Senator Lee Metcalf last month called the "galloping oligopoly in the energy industries." Oil companies, for example, have been acquiring interest in major coal companies and have also reached out into the nuclear fuel field. One wonders what kind of competitive spirit will be manifest in the year 2000, if most of the fuel sources are in the hands of a vast energy cartel.

A notable trend over the past decades has been the increasing electrification of energy. Probably 45 percent of all US energy in the year 2000 will go into production of electricity. Our turn-of-the-century electric power will be two thousand times greater than that of 1900. Each person will then be consuming over 25,000 kilowatt-hours of electric energy per year. Ours would be an incandescent society if the energy were focused into the average American home. Of course, it's distributed mainly to industry and commerce.

But even our appetite for kilowatts must abate; the growth curve must begin to turn over and assume a less precipitous rate of climb. The huge drain on our fossil fuels and the pollution woes attending their combustion inevitably point to reliance on nuclear fuels. Uranium has its drawbacks and it has taken 30 years for the splitting of the atom to provide even a slight flow of electric power into the nation's economy. A much more ideal energy source may be found in a process diametrically opposed to atom-splitting, namely, nuclear fusion or the synthesis of very light atoms to form a single heavier one.

A single gallon of ordinary water contains enough hydrogen to release fusion energy equal to five barrels of petroleum. Furthermore, this source of power can be made highly controllable, like switching on and off an electric bulb, so that plant siting should be possible near dense populations. Light-element power is however the Tantalus of our energy resources, because its technology is not predictable. Most experts agree that its future is shrouded by the technological unknowns of many years to come. We can hope that we will strike it rich in nuclear technology, but we cannot count on it.

When we enter the twenty-first century we will still be burning up fossil fuels at an unprecedented rate for the loan's share of our energy. Hopefully, we will have learned from the past not to ravage the earth in exploiting our fossil fuel resources. Additionally, we may hope that our prodigious combustion of coal and oil, symbolized in pollutant form by the smokestack and the tailpipe, will not further insult our ecology and that we who survive the next 30 years will not be coughing our way into the next century.

Our society can no longer tolerate a laissez-faire attitude toward energy. Prudent policy requires that we consider not just the physical problems of reserves, conservation and pollution; we need to inquire into the legitimacy of our future energy demands. Most of all, we need to view the energy problem on a national and global basis, welding together an analysis to show how research and development may more suitably solve energy problems on a long time base. In a sense we have to emulate the Dutch who take a half-century look at land reclamation.

The failure to adopt a wise national energy policy may find the United States eventually becoming like Japan – a major importer of fuel to drive its economy. Our fuel reserves, bounded by Canada, Mexico and two oceans, are finite – as is the capacity of our air and water to absorb insult from combustion products. Our energy affluence is not at an end, but it is clearly approaching a crossroad unmarked by signposts, except one – CAUTION.

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Stanley Kauffmann on films

Public Privates

Pornography is here – in film theaters. For years we've had skin-flicks, which show plenty of nudity and simulated ecstasy but never really show any kind of intercourse. In the last few months there has been an influx of films about pornography, which include a good deal of it. I've avoided them because I've seen some porno films and I thought I knew my reactions and rationalizations about a relatively standard product. But I had always seen it privately. The fact of theatrical exhibition seemed too pressing to ignore, so in two days recently, I saw four of thse films.

All of them were made at least partially in Denmark. They celebrate that country's abolition of censorship in 1969, for anyone over 16, and they also deal with last year's Porno Fair in Copenhagen. They all purport to be documentaries, though some sequences are obviously rehearsed; all have English commentary and were presumably prepared for the US. They take us to Copenhagen porno shops, where topless salesgirls sell sex films, sex implements, sex records, sex books and magazines. (Sample magazine cover: a close-up of a girl performing fellatio on two men at once.) They take us to apartments where sex films are being made; and to "sex clubs" (memberships easily obtainable) which feature strip-tease, porno films, and live sexual performances by all sorts of combinations except male homosexuals. In one of these clubs, toward the end of the show the girls select men from the audience, take them up on stage, and massage and mouth their organs. All sexual activity is shown, not merely suggested.

For the US, all the activities are not presented as "direct" porno, in Danish style; they are shown as evidence, as parts of a report on modern Denmark, along with comment on Danish history, law, and the lately diminished sex-crime rate. (All four documentaries are wretched pieces of film-making.) By far the frankest film is *Censorship in Denmark* – as it's called on the marquee; on the screen it's called *Pornography in Denmark*. Many kinds of genital conjunction and manual and oral ingenuity are seen in close-up. It also features a sequence of a film being made of a couple copulating, with withdrawal at the finish so that ejaculation is visible. This last, according to the calmly informative commentator, is a requisite of Danish porno, to prove bona fides.

A few points about the other films. *Wide Open Copenhagen 1970* features a Swedish girl who lives in Malmö with her husband and two small children and who commutes by ferry to Copenhagen where she copulates with a man in a club five nights a week. (On the night of the filming, the man was tired from a previous performance and another girl was added, making a trio, to help stimulate him.) In *Sexual Freedom in Denmark* some of the film is devoted to "educational" illustrations of sexual positions, with close-ups of insertions, while a magisterial commentator refers to coitus as if it were spelled coy-tus. *Freedom to Love* (a bowdlerized title, obviously), which was prepared by the sex specialists Drs. Eberhard and Phyllis Kronhausen, wanders around the world. In addition to documentary scenes from Denmark and other countries, there are scenes from frank plays – *Geese* and *The Beard* (US) and John Mortimer's amusing sketch *Word Play* (Britain). This film includes more sexual subjects than pornography and ends with a large orgy to which one married couple take another married couple as a way of preserving a threatened marriage. The Kronhausens make large sounds about dedication and honesty, but their sincerity becomes a bit threadbare in a sequence with two little girls aged about ten and thirteen. While playing in a garden, they peek through a window and see two lesbians busily engaged. Then the children go to a bedroom, strip, and mimic the lesbian activity they have just seen, while one of the Drs. Kronhausen tells us on the sound-track that such mimicry is natural and harmless if parents don't make too much of it. Perhaps so; but as a lady said to me when I described the sequence to her, that scene must have been rehearsed and re-shot several times, film-making being what it is, and what happened then to the natural and spontaneous mimicry of those two children?

These four films shocked me – because I could walk in off the New York street and see them. (They have no MPAA ratings; admission is simply restricted to those 21 and over.) In other countries, other customs; shock is a matter of place and time, and in New York, this month, those pictures shocked me, by their availability. They make no pretense of being erotic art, as, at a humble level, *I Am Curious (Yellow)* was. These films are sheerly sexual functions; they extol porno as physically and morally desirable, and they praise Copenhagen as the Rome of a new church. (The Danes may not be too happy if other countries follow their lead because porno now seems to be for them what postage stamps are to Liechtenstein, a great source of revenue from foreigners – West Germans and Americans, particularly.)

Literary porno, of which we have had much in recent years and which has become the subject of esthetic discussion, is a quite different matter, experientially, because it proceeds from a solo imagination to another individual. Film (or stage) porno is done by at least two people in front of an audience. The presence of real people really doing those things – not words set down by one person on paper – and the presence of people around us, watching with us and perhaps watching us watch, these factors all make tremendous breaches in privacy.

And that is the essence of performed porno (as against written or drawn porno). It consists of *doing* publicly what is usually done privately. Its special powers lie in the fact of that publicness. It has none of the imaginative or humanist aims of erotic art, even when it employs fictional forms, which it does sometimes. It is a deliberate assault on privacies, and in that revolution, that rupture of acceptances, lies its stimulation. There's a good deal of cant about porno films, how they assuage loneliness, and so on. My guess is that the stimulation, the excitement of the publicness, has two main effects. First, it provides impulse and fantasy for masturbation, sometimes later, sometimes sooner. (It's a common joke about what goes on in the men's rooms of porno theaters, sometimes in the seats.) Second, probably lesser, it pro-

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Lawrence Graver: Wipe Your Glosses on What You Know

Samuel Beckett:
A New Approach
by G. C. Barnard
(Dodd, Mead; $4.50)

Samuel Beckett:
Poet and Critic
by Lawrence E. Harvey
(Princeton; $12.50)

Samuel Beckett: His Works and His Critics
by Raymond Federman and John Fletcher
(University of California; in press)

Samuel Beckett Now
edited by Melvin J. Friedman
(University of Chicago; $7.95)

The Long Sonata of the Dead:
A Study of Samuel Beckett
by Michael Robinson
(Grove; $2.45)

To talk well about Beckett has always required a rare, almost exquisite critical poise; and this season's set of commentaries suggest that the job is not getting any easier. Some critics, like G. C. Barnard, remain deaf to Beckett's simple reminder that literary criticism is not bookkeeping, and they reduce an idiosyncratic and elusive body of creative work to meagre entries in a scientific account book. Arguing that all of Beckett's books explore various stages of schizophrenic disturbance, Mr. Barnard moves solemnly through the collected works tagging characters with diagnostic labels. If Murphy pursues felicity naked and scarf-bound in a rocking chair, he is a compensatory day-dreamer; while Molloy, reduced in a battle with space, time, and contradictory desire, is a casebook catatonic. When Watt ingeniously inverts word order, he is explained not by Joyce or Wittgenstein, but by Doctor L. Navatril's *Schizophrenie und Sprache*.

If Mr. Barnard knows too little about Beckett and the methods of literary criticism, Mr. Harvey is an example of the scholar who knows too much. His book, a decade in preparation and 440 pages long, is devoted almost entirely to Beckett's poetry, with concluding chapters on *Watt* and some critical prose. This in itself is extraordinary, since Beckett's verse is almost without interest, except as a negative reminder of roads not taken, of lamentable habits happily forsworn. In the entire canon there are fewer than fifty short poems: sixteen in English from the 1930s; eighteen in French, 1937-1948; and a dozen early apprentice pieces that Harvey calls "jettisoned" because Beckett has refused to reprint them.

The English poems are mostly products of a chilly university wit – Stephen Dedalus sodden with surrealism instead of Pater. Private beyond anything in darkest Pound or early Empson, they fail to support the additional weight of scatology, false coinage, and words like "plagal," "targe," and "mard." Lines that open "Sanies I" can stand impenetrably for the rest:

> all the livelong way this day of sweet showers from Portrane on the seashore
> Donabate sad swans of Turvey Swords
> pounding along in three ratios like a sonata
> like a Ritter with pommelled scrotum atra cura on the step
> Botticelli from the fork down pestling the transmission
> tires bleeding voiding zeep the highway all heaven in the sphincter
> *the* sphincter

Beckett himself has dismissed many of these early poems as "work of a very young man with nothing to say and the itch to make." But not Mr. Harvey. In an extravagant act of misguided veneration, he submits these poems – and nearly all the others – to the kind of analysis that would make Virgilian scholiasts seem woolgatherers by comparison. So insensitive is he to questions of critical relevance and aesthetic value that one must make an heroic effort to stay alert for those moments when his excavation turns up something useful. Most of these (and there are a good number) come in his remarks on the relationship between the poetry and the later fiction and plays, especially when he shows Beckett "transforming his love of verbal manipulation . . . into something that might be called 'serious play.'" But by this time most readers will have given up, turned churlish with exasperation, or started defensively on their own list of comparable ventures: five hundred page monographs on Shelley's fiction, Faulkner's poetry, or the plays of Henry James. When Harvey describes Beckett thanking heaven at not being a critic about to write a book on Beckett, one understands what the master must have had in mind.

The same kind of automatic piety stiffens many of the essays in Melvin J. Friedman's *Samuel Beckett Now*, an anthology which – despite the urgency of its title – is a stale and lackadaisical piece of work. Of the eleven contributions, eight appeared six years ago in a French edition, and only three were written for this volume. Although the longest essay (David Hayman's unconvincing reading of *Molloy*) was published in the early 1960s, Hayman finds it "unprofitable to revise [his] conclusions," despite the twenty-five books on Beckett that have come out since his article first appeared. Similarly, Mr. Friedman's assertion that he tried for variety and versatility has a hollow ring, for he seems to have printed pretty much what he was able to get, and his collection presents an entirely unbalanced view of the range and nature of Beckett's accomplishment. (*Molloy* gets nearly 70 pages, *Godot* about 35, *Malone Dies* some 20, *Endgame* a scattered 15, and *Krapp* less than two.) With the exception of Germaine Brée, most of Friedman's contributors summarize the same plots, chase the same paradoxes, ignore one

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another's contradictions, and get to look – as the day fades - increasingly like Moran searching for Molloy, or Molloy for his mother.

For brevity's sake, let me concentrate on the example of *Molloy* to try to explain some of the ways in which the hundreds of pages of commentary have produced a chaos as thorough as that of the Beckett world itself, and much less elegantly expressed.

Molloy consists of two narratives, one by Molloy describing how he collapsed on the way to his mother's room, and the other by Moran explaining how he collapsed in his unsuccessful effort to track down Molloy. Because these narratives are parabolic, complementary, and at many points parallel, critics have often tried to find allegorical readings that will make the two sections fit together in bold and diagrammatic ways.

The trouble is that all the readings differ, as do the critics' interpretations of the characters as symbols. For Frederick Hoffman, Moran is a symbol compensating for Descartes' errors of omission. But David Hayman sees Moran as Abraham, and Molloy not only as Odysseus, Christ, and perhaps one of the thieves, but also as Descartes' mind distinct from matter, Plato's deathless soul, and Bergson's creative imagination. In case this seems like a meagre set of analogies, he also equates Molloy's mother with the id, Molloy with the libido, and Moran with the superego. John Fletcher likes the Odysseus parallel, but sees more relevance in Molloy and Moran as archetypal masochist and sadist.

The best antidote for such commentary is Beckett's own prescription offered in a letter to Alan Schneider: "We have no elucidations to offer of mysteries that are all of their making. My work is a matter of fundamental sounds (no joke intended) made as fully as possible, and I accept responsibility for nothing else. If people want to have headaches among the overtones, let them. And provide their own aspirin. Hamm as stated, and Clov as stated, together as stated . . . in such a place, and in such a world, that's all I can manage, more than I could."

In the case of *Molloy* the "fundamental sounds" are the detailed, extraordinarily compelling narratives of Molloy and Moran, both of which have a specific density that is violated by any attempt to make their stories simple allegories, or the speakers exact versions of one another. Molloy is not only a naive and powerful primitive force, but also a sophisticated product of two thousand years of Western civilization. If he is a cunning vagabond with a matchless faculty for analyzing his own desolation, and for finding infinite ways to bear it, he is also a poet of rich and expansive gifts. In one mood, he can celebrate his bicycle with a comic ode beginning, "I shall not call you bike, you were green, like to many of your generation;" in another, he mourns his barren testicles as "decaying circus clowns." Rhapsodist and elegist, Molloy also has his epic moments, as in his heroic, "inordinately formal," attempt to order his sixteen sucking stones. Like his creator, Molloy is "a prince of the proverbs of pure poverty," and his acidulous reflections have a pithiness that is unforgettable. And who but Molloy – explaining how "all things run together in the body's long madness" – can make us share his fascination and terror at "contemplating this extraordinary body both at rest and in motion"? Inspired in his crack-brained scheme for communicating with his mother, effervescent in his description of Lousse's parrot, brutal in his anger and atavistic fury, awesome in his indomitability – he is one of the most fully drawn and original creations in modern literature.

Moran, of course, is very different. Smug, methodical, sanctimonious, with an intelligence "a little short of average," he is by his own admission, "cold as crystal and free from spurious depths." At the beginning of his adventure, he is very much a creature of his garden, his keys, and his bourgeois conventions, but sent in search of Molloy, he encounters ancient night, breaks down, and is stripped of that which "had always protected me from all I was always condemned to be." He does not (as many critics have argued) literally become Molloy, but he is forced in his anguish to recognize those parts of Molloy – the primitivism and disillusioned sensitivity – that have been hidden elements in his own nature.

What one would like, then, from Beckett's critics is less concern with source-hunting, or with abstract, highly generalized symbolic interpretations, and more attention to the particular texture of the novels and plays. Beckett, after all is said, has been less original in his ideas about life than in his ability to invent fresh dramatic images for mundane but desperate human states. And one would hope, too, that such a preoccupation with matters of style and texture might lead to a more substantive discussion of qualitative differences in Beckett's work than we have yet been given. In the past decade, such fine critics as Frank Kermode, Leo Bersani, and Christopher Ricks have raised many questions about the obsessive enconomies of Beckett's "high but narrow art." Yet, in the thousand pages of criticism I have read for this review, there is very little concern for the price Beckett has voluntarily paid for his ruthless refinement of a world beyond all likelihood. Only Germaine Brée speaks of his occasionally facile effects, his lingering puerile jokes, and the constructive ironies of his later work. Although Beckett is the greatest of the artists of limited means, his work has suffered severely from his going so far and so insistently against the grain of novelistic and dramatic forms. (For the latest example, see "Lessness" in the *New Statesman* of May 1st.) We need a book that explores the aesthetic of "willed failure," and tries to show in some detail when the art of limited means becomes the art of diminishing returns, and why. *Molloy, Endgame, Godot,* and *Krapp* transcend their austere limitations, and there, Beckett – bound hand and foot – dances as if free. But what about *Watt, The Unnamable,* and *How it is?*

Let me close, after all these complaints, by mentioning two books that might help critics move in these directions. *The Long Sonata of the Dead,* published last year by Grove Press, is the work of a twenty-five-year-old Englishman, Michael Robinson, who – though nearly half the age of some of our other commentators – knows twice as well the issue worth discussing. Although descriptive rather than evaluative, his study is a wide-ranging and intelligent piece of work; all in all, the most trustworthy first book on Beckett for a new reader. The second volume is the long-awaited Federman-Fletcher bibliography, to be published later this year by the University of California Press. In addition to the standard descriptions of all Beckett's writings, the authors provide a 200-page check-list of criticisms by others, and a fascinating set of variants of the prose piece *Bing.*

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John Seelye: The Devil in London

The Neophiliacs by Christopher Booker

(Gambit; $8.95)

Anyone interested in explaining to those who care to listen why the Tories are back in power in Great Britain (and America) might start by reading a curious little volume just published called *The Neophiliacs*. The most recent example of an important if minor genre, a class of literature that can be labeled "portentous" – as opposed to "prophetic" – it contains vast amounts of what Edgar Allan Poe was fond of calling *lore*, not ancient and forgotten, by any means, but recent and still-smoking sixties lore. Like Cotton Mather's *Magnalia Christi Americana* and Carlyle's *History of the French Revolution*, Christopher Booker's *The Neophiliacs* is an attempt to extrapolate a symbolic pattern from a historical epoch. All three books are heavily weighted with magical matter, and filled with the spirit of necromancy. The dead do tricks before our eyes.

For "portentous" historians, the past is a matter of thrown sticks, signs and portents from which the eternal truths of existence may be inferred.

Both the *Magnalia* and the *History* are religious books, of a sort which stresses elements of marvel and wonder, emphasizing fated circumstances, coincidences, miracles, all adding up to evidence of Divine Intention. Now comes Mr. Christopher Booker, whose name suggests his mission – for he is a Christ-bearing author. Christ and Carl Jung. Since Jung is a late heir of German Romantic philosophy, the connection with Carlyle is hardly specious. The Collective Unconscious is but the Divine Idea on the psychiatrist's couch, Jehovah as a neurotic, the Devil as psychopath. For Jung, as for Carlyle and Mather, the idea of Good is inseparable from the idea of Evil, and indeed it is Evil which is the most active principle, the eternal antagonist.

For Booker, evil is the human capacity for fantasy-making, in particular that extreme stage where dreams are taken for reality. Booker's adjective is "nyktomorphic," and his synonym is "immature." He is concerned not so much with individual nyktomorphs as with collective, in particular the "unreality" and "madness" which characterized life among the young and would-be young in Great Britain during the late fifties and the sixties. So far as Mr. Booker is concerned, the Devil was alive and well in London during those years, firmly in control of those media (television, popular magazines, newspapers) which gave direction to or took direction from "swinging" England. Where Carlyle concerned himself with the French Revolution, Booker concerns himself with the Cultural Revolution (though at one point he uses the French Revolution as an analogue), the emergence of the "New England" as a not always happy power in the popular arts, an emergence which coincided with her decline as a power elsewhere. The critical year for this nyktomorphosis was 1956, a "watershed" signalled by the Suez Canal crisis. With the loss of Eden (my symbolism, not Booker's) Britain experienced an unfortunate fall.

The Suez Crisis at once signalled the end to Great Britain's greatness as a world power and precipitated a "New Britain" – the collective, unconscious sense that novelty would somehow compensate for grandeur, hence "neophiliac." With the shedding of power came a loss of responsibility and a consequent feeling of freedom, but as traditions and forms were shunted aside the predictable result was a collective neurosis. There followed several cycles of group fantasy, subconscious projections of collective desires for a new sense of national purpose and order.

Such fantasies, according to Booker, may be divided into two classes, identified by their dominant imagery: "The first, which we may call the image of 'life' or vitality, is associated with such ideas as freedom, change, rebellion, improvisation, youth, sex, the future, and the self. And the second, which we may call the image of 'order' or stability, is associated with such ideas as security, tradition, harmony, authority, age, marriage, the past, and the community." Societies in flux produce polarizations of these collective image clusters, resulting in a dialectic of change: the "rising" classes seek images of vitality (through left-tending politics), the old, "established" classes promote images of order (through right-tending politics), oppositions which can result in counter-fantasies of freedom and law-and-order which may erupt into rebellion and repression. The alternative possibility is that each group will dominate in turn, eventually falling victim to its own fantasy, making way for the emergence of the other group. In short, Hegel by way of Nietzsche.

Immediately following the Suez fiasco, with the resignation of Eden and the emergence of Macmillan as the new Tory Prime Minister, the second (or Apollonian) class of images dominated the fantasy world of British politics. So long as "Supermac" was able to convince everyone that he could indeed defy gravity, that Great Britain was still a mighty world power, the Tory party maintained its ascendancy. But the Profumo Scandal and The Great Train Robbery climaxed a growing realization that Macmillan was more Phaeton than Phoebus, resulting in what Booker describes as an "onanistic" aftermood (he is much given to sexual imagery), a widespread feeling of disillusionment and defeat. The result was the election victory of Harold Wilson and the institution of a whole new set of dream images, a Kennedy-styled rhetoric emphasizing youth, life, vitality. Dionysius.

The emergence of the Wilson Imagery and the Labor Party was no sudden phenomenon. Booker demonstrates at length the subterranean forces at work during the late fifties and early sixties, the dionysiac and satanic rumblings and revels among the young, particularly in the entertainment underworld: the Angry Young Men, with their disgust and frustration over "old" ways of life; the New Oxford Group, intellectuals with lower-class origins and sympathies; and the Chelsea Set of interior decorators, photographers, fashion designers which was to emerge as the "New Aristocracy" of the sixties. Sensationalists all, they gained the attention and sometimes the control of the media, creating a mood that Booker compares to 19th-century

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Romanticism (of Shelley and Byron) and the Jazz Age of the twenties.

The *New Jazz* was Rock 'n Roll, like the Kennedy style an import, which provided theme music for the emerging stress upon anti-establishment values, the promotion of images connoting vitality, newness, youth. Working-class in origin, the emergent groups championed working-class values, creating a mood which the Labor Party was able to exploit. For Booker draws no distinction between the worlds of entertainment and politics, but (rightly) regards them as parts of a whole, a synergistic relationship promoting change which draws on and emerges from a common pool of energies. If 1964 was the year of Wilson and Labor, it was also the year for the Beatles and the Rolling Stones, of Mary Quant and Mark Boxer, of Mods and Rockers, Radio Caroline, Screaming Lord Sutch, and Jonathan Miller. If Sir Winston Churchill died, so did Ian Fleming, Brendan Behan, and Jack Cotton.

Under Prime Minister Wilson a new fantasy cycle began, passing through what Booker believes to be predictable stages: "The essence of fantasy is that it feeds on a succession of sensations or unresolved images, each one of which arouses anticipation, followed by inevitable frustration, leading to the demand for a new image to be put in its place." Such a cycle consists of five stages or "moods" – "Anticipation," "Dream," "Frustration," "Nightmare," and "Death Wish" or "Explosion into Reality" – and resembles the "basic Romantic legend . . . in which the pursuit of some kind of defiance or violation of order winds to its self destruction." It is this which Werther, Wagner, and Nazi Germany have in common, along with Faust, Macbeth, and Harold Wilson. It is this interpretation of history, moreover, which despite Mr. Booker's acknowledged debt to Jung, puts his book in the same anti-Romantic class as Irving Babbitt's *Rousseau and Romanticism*. So it goes.

But it is with Cotton Mather that Christopher Booker bears the closest resemblance in his treatment of the past fifteen years (and here he is not like Irving Babbitt at all). The complexity of his world view is only sketchily represented by what I have said up to now. Crime waves, storms, auto crashes, fogs, mysterious deaths, power blackouts – all provide a cosmic catalogue accompanying the revolution of cultures and cycles. Aside from Jung, Booker's favorite author is Shakespeare, and the mood of his political landscape is decidedly Shakespearean, drawing upon the meteorology of portent which similarly clouds the *Magnalia*. He is fond of phrases like "real and hidden nature" and "unmistakable restlessness in the air," words like "omen," "sign," and "portent." A typical paragraph (with Booker-like ellipses and etceteras added) suffices:

> There was also in 1966-69 a notable series of violent deaths or near-deaths, representing a considerable cross-section of the dreams which had flourished during the previous decade: the deaths of Yuri Gagarin and . . . other . . . spacemen, of Robert Kennedy and Martin Luther King, of Che Guevara, the archetypal rebel hero of the students . . . Judy Garland . . . Jayne Mansfield . . . Sharon Tate . . . Bishop Pike . . . Brian Epstein . . . Donald Campbell . . . Jim Clark . . . Tony Hancock, television Comedian of the Year in 1959-60, Robin Douglas-Home, and David Jacobs, celebrated show business lawyer and "friend of the Beatles" . . . Joe Orton, the "Blackest" of Britain's new wave playwrights, etc., etc., etc.

Though one might object to the presence here of relative nonentities like David Jacobs (obviously added in lieu of the death of one of the Beatles himself), this list of the many sudden deaths of young, charismatic figures is a startling total. Its truth cannot be denied, nor can the succeeding statement that "In the years after 1966 the flow of new national figures, which had earlier seemed limitless, markedly dried up." Less effective, perhaps, are cosmic couplets like the following: "*Monday 15, November* [1965]: the temperature dropped sharply all over Britain, followed by a huge power failure *that was an echo of New York's blackout six days before*" (italics added, but the emphasis is Booker's). Pure Matherism.

That Wilson managed to survive was due to his peculiar mixture of canniness and ineptness, as well as, according to Booker, the public mood of exhaustion and apathy which accompanied the elections of 1966. Wilson came more and more to resemble the man he replaced, a Harold II, dropping rhetorical images of change and vitality for reassuring reminders of Great Britain's greatness. Unsuccessful (again and again) as a political leader, Wilson adopted the guise of statesman, and his favorite pose was that of the "family doctor," the pipe-smoking symbol of "all's well." It got him through 1966, it enabled him to survive the devaluation of the pound, and, until last month, it seemed to be a very durable political image despite its massive irrelevance to the realities of life in Great Britain.

Booker's narrative ends in 1969. Since, at that time, Wilson's administration had reached no such explosive climax as the Profumo affair, Booker styled the late sixties as a "Fade into Reality," a gradual though hardly completed recognition of Britain's diminished role as a world power. To his credit as prophet, he remarks on the swing to the right of both Labor and Tory parties, and he is hardly to be faulted for not forseeing the extremity of that swing. It is also to Booker's credit that the events of two weeks ago can be read as an almost inevitable reaction, yet another phase in the series of fantasy cycles which have characterized British (and American) politics in the fifties and sixties. Rather than fading into reality, the British seem to be clattering off on another Rosinante.

A convenient decade, the sixties, like the twenties a near-perfect Decimal Period. (And like the movies of the twenties, hectic, jittery, stilted – madness in motion.) Such well-rounded periods belong more to fiction, perhaps, than to the tangled continuities of life. Still, if Mr. Booker's book does anything, it demonstrates the incredible affinity that politics can have to drama, life to art, an affinity most clearly exemplified by Shakespeare's tragedies and history plays. In this present age of Elizabeth, we seem like Shakespeare's contemporaries to be walking on a hollow-sounding stage, to be acting out somebody else's design, a great fiction, a concatenation of fantasies. Who knows? All of us may be In at the Ending yet, an Exposition into Reality that will be an explosion indeed. If this *is* a work of art, its title is Apocalypse.

In his concluding chapter, Booker

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

LAWRENCE GRAVER *is the author of* Conrad's Short Fiction. *He is now in London on leave from Williams College.* JOHN SEELYE *is in the English Department at the University of Connecticut.* RAMON GUTHRIE'S *latest book,* Maximum Security Ward, *will be published in August by Farrar, Strauss & Giroux.*

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attempts a note of hope which, in these times, is a note of desperation and perhaps of futility. What we need, he feels, is a rebirth of religious spirit, which he defines as a deep, abiding mood of acceptance, of reconciling the part with the whole, of which Christ is the exemplar, along with Shakespeare and Beethoven. Booker quotes Beethoven's motto, "*Muss es Sein? Es Muss Sein,*" by way of illustration, the expression of a man who had raged against his own times in his time and who came in the end to a final serenity. As the guard changes in Buckingham Palace, as Wilson steps down and Heath steps up, it is somehow fitting that the last Beatle album, like the last movement of Beethoven's last quartet, bears the motto, "Let It Be." Because whatever is happening, it is happening faster and faster, and is fiery hot to the touch.

Notable

Bech: A Book by John Updike

(Knopf; $5.95)

There are no unbreakable writing rules, but one rule to be placed at the top of the list of the nearly unbreakable is against authors creating fictional authors for heroes – in modern times we have been nabokoved by too many such non-characters. Henry Bech is John Updike's author-hero, and he is largely a dismal veil behind which Updike speaks with suitable cynicism about the contemporary literary scene. Why he could not have spoken directly of the scene is not clear, for the fictionalizing is half-hearted. One gathers that Bech's peregrinations are Updike's own; the fiction is largely frosting. Part of the frosting is a labored bad-joke bibliography of Bech's works, and of critical articles about Bech – six pages worth.

What Updike has to say about literature, when he's not trumping up modest love affairs for Bech, is that the literary life has become a depressing racket wherever it surfaces as *public* life, so that the prominent writer (Bech, Updike) feels constantly drawn to silence and privacy. We see Bech (Updike) first on a State Department literary mission in Russia, Rumania and Bulgaria, where his annoyances are equably aimed at hypocritically friendly meetings with Communist authors, and at the phony enthusiasms of State Department officialdom. Then we see him (1) on what looks mighty like Martha's Vineyard, being troubled by youth and marijuana; (2) dubiously making it as a famous author at a small southern girls' college; (3) dubiously making it as a famous author in England; and (4) dubiously making it as a newly installed member of the not-much-fictionalized-at-all National Academy of Arts and Letters. All these occasions make Bech (Updike) faintly ill, and the reader too.

Without the falsity of the character Bech the book would have merit as a brooding self-analysis by a writer who has made it and wonders what making it means; for despite the fakery the book is obviously driven by a man with serious thoughts and feelings. It remains, however, wide open to the very criticisms Updike puts in the mouth of Bech's fictional worst critic, a nasty SOB who complains that Bech puts a screen between himself and the world. One can't blame Bech or Updike for putting a screen between himself and the various SOBs we are introduced to in this book, but if there is a life of interest *behind* the screen, *Bech: A Book* doesn't reveal it.

The Crofter and the Laird by John McPhee

(Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $5.75)

The Old Man and His Sons by Heoin Bru

(Paul S. Erikson; $5.95)

The Faroe islands are north from Scotland, between the Shetlands and Iceland; 38,000 people live on them. Colonsay is an island off the west coast of Scotland; 138 people live on it. These regions are not remote; they are perfectly accessible by steamer or even by helicopter. But they are constantly romanticized, partly because of their colorful history – Vikings, and fierce clans – latterly for being almost totally barren. In a time of proclaimed ecological disaster, population explosion, landscape-devouring highways, gasoline and jet-plane fumes and other forms of pollution, what could be more different than sparsely peopled islands completely devoid of industry? The catch is that, as a necessary corollary of extremely simple living, they are also virtually devoid of interest. Dr. Johnson in the course of his celebrated Journey to the Hebrides detected this. The sage who remarked that the man who tired of London was tired of life had little tolerance for deserts however remarkable their history – and Johnson was a lot closer to the history than we are. He informed Boswell that the highlands of Scotland were superior to the islands only in possessing mountains (the islands are mostly flat) and that the mountains were "monstrous protuberances." Despite Johnson's acerbity, the islands as well as the highlands retain their attraction for the romantically inclined. It is hard to know why. In the Faroes, the life of man is saved from Hobbesian nastiness only by being unusually replete with arts and letters. Every second man and woman are it seems poets, descendants no doubt of Icelandic bards. Colonsay by contrast would appear to keep its feet firmly on the ground: no poets need apply. The seventeen crofters pay the laird rents of $125 a year; the laird in return is obliged by law to spend a good deal more than that on his distinctly unprofitable tenants. Lacking either poetry or profit, Colonsay is an exercise in futility. John McPhee, a staff writer for *The New Yorker*, has made it the subject of the kind of stylishly dull essay that is the magazine's hallmark. One turns, with relief, from the stodgy doings of Donald Gibbie and the laird to occasional glimpses of the stormy past. After dinner (but that was on Barra) the Macneil would ascend his battlements and shout to the Atlantic winds that he had eaten and so the princes of the earth might now dine. The Brahan Seer (but that was on the mainland) was dropped into a barrel of boiling tar with knives driven into the sides of the barrel. On Colonsay itself, an earlier McPhee was tied to a standing stone and shot by MacDonalds. No such excitements now unfortunately.

One of the many Faroes writers, Heoin Bru relates a suitably plain tale of a whale hunt, a fishing accident, a debt and the sale of a cow. There are also one bedroom scene and one cuddle in a kitchen. The characters are not, one supposes, half-witted. But an absence of smog appears to promote ingenuousness to a degree that almost amounts to that. A simple folk, with simple if occasionally gruesome pleasures.

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The Parson's College Bubble by James D. Koerner

(Basic Books; $6.95)

A Presbyterian minister, Millard George Roberts was also a promoter; and in 1955 he was appointed to promote the economic and academic health of a sick little college in Iowa. He did. In twelve years of his presidency the enrollment at Parsons went from 350 to 5000 and the college's book value increased a thousand percent. Roberts' chief claim was that he turned Parsons into a profit-making institution, and while this claim apparently meant only that the college began to show a daily operational profit (like most of Roberts' claims it fell apart upon inspection), educator Koerner thinks that if the Parsons bubble had not burst the profit might even have occurred.

Burst it did: 1967. Sad scene of disaccreditation. Roberts fired. Accrediting agency sued. Faculty and student body decimated.

Koerner uses the Parsons mess as an occasion for extended observations on the small-college mess in general, his main line being that most of Parsons' faults can be found elsewhere. Parsons was exceptional only because it had a wild man at the helm, and the wild man for all his faults had a clearer notion of what needs to be done to save the colleges than do most of his conservative, indignant critics.

Lurking in this thorough and clear but rather mechanical study (it does up education by the numbers) is an oddity in the juxtaposition of liberal author and conservative prefator. Author Koerner is a modest educational innovator who obviously rather approves of Roberts' basic impulses, though not his ethics; Koerner would like to see mass education work and doesn't think much of the educational snobbery surrounding Parsons in the other colleges, a snobbery that ultimately led to its disaccreditation. Koerner even seems a bit sorry that Roberts was unable to shake up the drably traditional Parsons liberal arts curriculum as much as he shook up the economic side of the college. Yet his book has been provisioned with a preface by Jacques Barzun! Barzun is apparently so depressed by what the tradition has come to, that the fate of Parsons emerges for him as, though sad, a step forward.

So reformer and conserver here meet, agreeing that at Parsons "what was bad reflects the parlous condition of our higher education as a whole, and what was good reflects upon it."

A Terrible Thing Has Happened to Miss Dupont by Polly Hobson

(McCall; $4.50)

For a mystery writer Polly Hobson takes an unhealthy interest in credible motivation. The result is a deficiency in whodunit trickery, compensated for by surplus understanding of how things and people undoubtedly sometimes are at an English girls' private school. As the detective (who is no Hercule Poirot) says, he'd never send one of *his* daughters there. (And if his sons have daughters who go, "you'll never get me inside the walls.")

Sick, sick – but interesting sick. It seems the athletic mistress (the one who is found in the bogeyhole) was more than athletic, the cook is a small time racketeer, and the *head* mistress thinks boys shouldn't be written notes to. It rains a good bit. Girls have trouble finding rope enough to hang. And the art teacher pinches bottoms. There is nothing extraordinary about this well-written sleeper, except that it seems real.

Black Squirr

Questioned as to the chiefest goal of science,
he sniffed, "To keep the scientist amused."
If he had said, "To grope toward God," they would have *known*
that he was crazy, even without
his accent and well-known pacifistic views.

. . . Communicated little those last years
even with his colleagues. Shunned underwear and haircuts—
and socks, because they only led to holes.
And who needs cuffs? He lopped them off to save on laundry.
No paper handy, he would lie abed
and scribble equations on the sheets.

"The only times you might say we got chatty,
all he talked about was squirrels—how ours
in Mercer Street aren't like the ones in the old country.
Kept repeating. Genius maybe, but he said
almost the same things every time we met."

What *is* there you can say to strangers,
to the perennial strangers who live next door
and you see every day?
"Nice weather"?
"Hot enough
for you?"
"Who do you pick to take the series?"
Or what's wrong with repeating? There are those
who love it. Homer, for all his "strong-greaved Achaians"
"Hector of the shiny helmets," "Apollo of
the silver bows," still holds his own in paperbacks.
Or take the case
of Mado, wondrous little whore girl, sweet
presence tinged with shades of Jules Pascin—
and loved her work. (Nothing is—unquote—
work unless you'd rather be doing something else.

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Television

Adverse to Adversaries

We're so used to an adversary system in TV programs that we may find it unsettling on the rare occasions it disappears. TV cameras are still barred from the courtroom in most states; maybe that's why so many TV interviewers act as if they were prosecutors in that sanctum, encroaching on territory forbidden them. Whatever their reason, they stiffen into aggressive postures. We may like it when the method helps trip up someone we think is waffling; we may howl when we think someone we like is being badgered; either way, we're used to it.

Thus I couldn't figure out what was happening one night last month when Bobby Seale was on TV. Although the public television broadcast was on film, Seale seemed extraordinarily lively, present, *unmediated*. (*Staggerlee: A Conversation with Bobby Seale* had been filmed months earlier at the San Francisco County Jail; the night of the broadcast, Seale was in another jail in New Haven awaiting trial on a murder charge; when the program was rerun on public television in mid-June, Seale was in yet another jail, in Chicago.)

About Seale himself there was nothing so exceptional from what one could discern in the broadcast; he talked about downhome things, black-eyed peas and other pleasures of life outside prison; he mentioned "revolution" only once and then offhandedly, as something he'd like to get over with so he could go home and relax with his family. Maybe it was his very ordinariness that seemed unusual. He was affable enough, but he had none of the *charisma* attributed to him by Panther fans, even if you take *charisma* in its debased sense of glamor or charm; he seemed a man like many another you meet in the street.

Yet how to account for the impression that, although he was on TV, where everybody to some degree seems figuratively, as well as literally, under glass, he seemed to come right through it, to be present to the viewer, who by that presence was lifted out of the usual role of voyeur peering in on the endless exhibition.

And then it occurred to me that perhaps Seale was getting through because he was not up against an adversary; it was more a monologue. Seale's interlocutor – I didn't catch his name, a young black plainly titillated to be in Seale's presence and about as obsequious as one could be to a man being visited in prison – served as little more than a prompter. He only asked Seale two questions that were in any way challenging: what did he do for sex in prison – "I'm a wet dreamer," as good an answer as the question deserved – and, did he kill Alex Rackley. Seale cajoled his prompter about this one – "Oh, you're asking that just for the television" – and said he had nothing to do with Rackley's death. This was the only exchange in which the interlocutor was acting either as adversary or as proxy for the audience; through the rest of the hour he was more like a groupie interviewing a rock star.

But when the proxy is clearly an adversary, we may wilt into indifference, or pick a side and cheer it on, indifferent to the elucidation of truth that might have been possible if the dialogue had not been turned into a contest. We let the adversary system do our work for us; we become idle spectators, although we may delude ourselves we're acting as jurors or judges. The system precludes the possibility of

I Albert Einstein

Which never happened to her.) Still,
as the song asserts, "they don't make jam all night."
Man is a talking animal. But talk of what?
I tried bicycle races: she had never seen one.
Love: it was too much like talking shop.
Books: she had never read one.
Food: she was no gourmet. Clothes: she spent
her more meaningful moments not wearing any.
I lit on history—Louis Quatorze, at random.
He struck a spark. Louis Quatorze liberating
Brittany. (She came from Plougastel.)
Louis XIV and la petite O'Murphy.
Louis XIV and the retreat from Moscow.
Louis XIV and the rape of the Sabines.
Louis XIV and, oh! that Christmas night
crossing the rivière de la Loire to take
the drunken Hessians—des espèces de boches—
in the rear! Combining, as it did,
Christmas and boating, it was, next to
Louis XIV letting the old woman's cakes burn,
her favorite story. Encore! Encore!
and never change a word. Allons, encore.

"Et le bon Roi lui dit, 'Bien merci, Mademoiselle
Pocahontas.
Tu m'as sauvé de la mort et du scalping.
Je te fais donc Contesse du Barry . . .' "

"*Duchesse* du Barry! Tu vois que je ne dormais pas.
I only closed my eyes to listen better.
Encore. The one about the time he shot
the apple off the little Prince's head."

"All he could talk about was squirrels. No kiddin'—
black squirrels with tufted ears!
Seems in the old country that's how they come."

Ramon Guthrie

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joining ourselves in dialogue with whoever's on screen, just as it limits the possibilities of conversation on the screen. It makes for dull talk, and for contests as dismal as wrestling matches.

Lively conversation *is* possible on television. A recent talk between Orson Welles and Norman Mailer (June 8, *David Frost Show*) was great fun; it showed what can happen when two men talk not as adversaries but as peers; there were playful challenges thrown from one to the other, but it was not a game; neither was out to score and so the viewer was free to contemplate what was said, without worrying who was winning.

Two years ago Allen Ginsberg made a comparable breakthrough. Set at ease by a deferential host (this was the Les Crane show, now extinct) he read his *Sunflower Sutra* with great exuberance, and the sense of his presence was uncanny. A few nights later, up against a man who seems to persist in the theological error of playing adversary to the Adversary himself, the man being Bill Buckley, Ginsberg read another poem, *Wales Visitation*. The effect was tepid, negligible; he stayed under glass, although it was I think a much better poem than the *Sutra*, and although he read it with as much diligence as he could muster at the time. Buckley's condescension had been palpable from the start; against it the poet held his own ground, but no more.

Perhaps poets, if they are to come across as lifelike on TV, must be coddled, sheltered from *bad vibrations:* there is little enough poetry of any kind on TV as it is. Perhaps reading a poem may not be the best way for a poet to acquit himself when he finds he's down on the sands of the Colosseum, and a champion gladiator is coming his way. Ah, but he thought he was going to appear in a forum, not in an arena. The crowd is not so deluded, a broadcaster might tell you; they might come to see blood, not a Feast of Reason. Every night is Fight Night, dull rounds, club fighters; the problem is how to turn the arena back into a forum.

Sedulus

Two *New Republic* editors have recently published books:

The Nixon Watch by John Osborne, with an introduction by Tom Wicker and illustrated by Robert Osborn (Liveright; $5.95)

and

Fifty Poems Fifty by Reed Whittemore (University of Minnesota Press; $4.75)

Correspondence

Antiwar Officers

Sirs:

As graduates of the United States Military, Naval, and Air Force Academies, we condemn the waging of war in Indochina by American Forces. We urge immediate and total withdrawal of American troops from Vietnam, Laos, and Cambodia.

As soldiers trained in the art of war, we know that this war cannot be won. As ex-officers dedicated to this nation's defense, we know that this war is unrelated to our security. As men for whom the ideas of human dignity and personal honor still have meaning, we know that this war is inhuman and dishonorable.

We are professional and experienced military men. We have been to Vietnam – not on VIP tours, but on combat assignments. Our knowledge of the war does not derive from briefings in Washington or Saigon, but from experience in the field. We have given those briefings, and we know what those briefings do not tell. We have not shaken hands with the troops; we have led them.

We call upon the American people to put aside the emotional catch-words "humiliation" and "defeat" urged upon them by those who would waste more lives to justify the lives already wasted. We call upon the Congress to act with speed and determination to end this war. We call upon all members of the military to discipline themselves against wishful thinking, against the belief that "one more escalation will end the war," against the recurrence of the Mylai massacre, and above all against the dangerous rationalization that they are "only obeying orders."

We call upon our fellow academy graduates to find the courage in speaking out against this war that they have already displayed upon the battlefield.

Dan Embree, Secretary
Concerned Graduates of the US Military, Naval & Air Force Academies

TRB and Israel

Sirs:

In a casual and irrelevant aside in his column on the Mid-East crisis (June 27), TRB noted "it is poignant to compare the clout of this powerful group (750,000 Zionists) to that of the blacks, who are far more numerous but have hardly enough political influence to make the Nixon Administration aware of them." From this a reader might infer that in some unspoken way, the influence of this "powerful group" has interfered with the blacks' receiving a fair hearing.

Indeed, TRB's crediting this "powerful group" with, in mysterious fashion disproportionate to their numbers, shaping American policy towards Israel is surprising. His own earlier analysis of the source of pro-Israel sentiment – its easy appeal and reaffirmation of traditional American religious and patriotic virtues – is much more revealing. The contrasting nature of the blacks' claim on the American conscience – its challenge to traditional American racism and economic exploitation – necessarily invites a vastly less enthusiastic reception. Ascribing the difference to a "powerful group" is dangerously wrong.

Disclaimers aside, what point were you making, TRB?

Edith Nash Snethen
Washington, D.C.

Sirs:

Either you have a new TRB or the one you have had – whom I have read so often with pleasure and a large measure of agreement – needs a vacation. The recent TRB column on the Middle East is a mishmash of alarmism, sentimentality, bad taste, half-truths and just plain misinformation. Its innuendos about American Zionists have distinctly anti-Semitic overtones, though that was not the writer's intention. The suggestion that some Americans may actually want a war in the Middle East – or at least are for their own ends recklessly pushing a policy that risks such a war – is disturbingly reminiscent of Charles Lindbergh's notorious speech in Des Moines in the summer of 1941.

Of course, there is a danger of East-West conflict in the Middle East, but it stems from the Soviet Union's ambitions to dominate the area, not from the Israeli-Arab dispute itself. The dan-

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ger, in the judgment of most experts, will not become acute *unless* the Russians get the notion that America might stand aside and let them and the Arabs together bleed Israel to death.

On the Palestinian refugee problem, TRB seems to adopt the Arab point of view that the Israelis, not the Arabs, should pay for the Arabs' past mistakes. He ignores the fact, for example, that the Arab States since 1948 have stubbornly refused to allow the refugees to resettle in Arab lands, preferring to keep the camps going as cauldrons of hatred and as training centers for terrorists. Until 1967 of course, such resettlement could have taken place in Palestine itself – west of the Jordan River – and no doubt could again if the Arabs were prepared to negotiate a reasonable settlement.

The implication that the United States has been stingy in regard to UNRWA is just plain wrong. The percentage of UNRWA funds coming from the US has been the highest in any UN program; it has ranged from 70 to 60%. It is the Arab governments that have demonstrated almost total lack of interest in making the camp conditions tolerable. In 1968, Egypt contributed $1800 as compared with over $590,000 from Israel. In fact, Israel's contribution is almost double the amount given by Egypt, Syria, Lebanon, Jordan and Libya combined.

The present situation in the Middle East is a miserable one in many ways, but Israel is in no panic about it, and we need not be. The Israelis are prepared to live indefinitely with the current turmoil, rather than go all the way back to the unsafe 1967 lines without a settlement, as if Nasser's aggression of 1967 and its consequences had never happened. In their place would TRB do otherwise?

Jonathan B. Bingham
Member of Congress

County Agents

Sirs:

TRB mentions in his April 18 report from Washington that since 1940 the number of county agents has increased from 6800 to 10,200, while the number of farms has decreased from six million to three million. By this he apparently means to imply that the expansion of the Cooperative Extension Service is on the same plane with the subsidy given to Sen. Eastland of Mississippi for not growing anything on his plantation.

It would seem that TRB lacks a fundamental understanding of the many functions of the Cooperative Extension Service. In Washington County, Maine (where Machiasport is located), for example, we are involved in several important projects with low-income and disadvantaged people. We have several Nutrition Aides working primarily with homemakers who receive donated commodities. We have a summer and day camp program that serves over 1200 youngsters, especially those from disadvantaged families. We have two Indian aides on the Passamaquoddy Reservations working on self-help, community development projects. Our 4-H and youth program is trying to reach young people from all segments of the community. We work with local communities in planning and economic development.

This is not to say that we are doing everything; far from it. But we are trying our best to meet the needs of *all* the people in this county, and that is a difficult task. It is of small help to us when TRB simply mentions the increased number of county agents without indicating how the Cooperative Extension Service has evolved in recent years.

Douglas L. Clark
Extension Agent
Machias, Maine

"The People"

Sirs:

Andrew N. Greeley's article about the way ethnic Americans feel nowadays ("Turning Off 'The People,'" June 27) is 99 percent a lucid, objective gathering of some stark facts which nobody with any common sense can ignore any more. Yet, humanly enough, his article is seasoned, too, with its own one percent prejudicial slant which serves very well to "turn off" the very people he wants to "turn on" to the real feelings of people of European-immigrant descent.

He concludes his statement by wondering "why intellectual elites take secret pleasure in the fantasy of Slavic stormtroopers pounding on their doors." But I wonder myself about

distinctive

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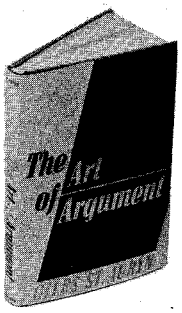

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SUMMER SCHEDULE

During the summer months, *The New Republic* will not appear on

August 8

August 22 September 5

Weekly publication will be resumed with the issue dated

September 12

that non-ethnic, non-blue-collar gathering at the 1964 Republican Convention who deafeningly shouted down Nelson Rockefeller and applauded mightily Barry Goldwater's panegyric of extremism. And a good third at least of America's registered voters could not pull down their levers hard enough to back up this sentiment.

I hazard a guess that – even were there no Watts, no Berkeley, no Panthers, no SDS, no long hair, no miniskirts, no film nudity, no flag-and-draft-card-burning – a psychic momentum would still be a-building, which could just as easily be sold to ethnic Americans; namely, that the average hard-working citizen's life and property are day-by-day being sold down the river by the super-clever manipulations of eggheads from the Northeast. However much radical protest colors the background of the public utterances of Agnew, Wallace or Maddox, this need to believe in a conspiracy of the cultured against the unlettered is the deep-down gut-feeling which they appeal to. . . . The denial of our common humanity involved in declaring working-class values to be piggish has its counterpart among those who pronounce intellectuality to be diabolical; and, among the latter, are plenty who should know better than to exploit such irrationality.

Rev. Thomas P. Martin, S.J.
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Sirs:

Andrew Greely's "Turning of the People" is the best discussion of this topic I've encountered. Understanding the motivations of "the people" and finding honorable ways of approaching them are more basic to the success of peace campaigns than dress codes for volunteers. This piece ought to be required reading for all peace campaigners.

Sheila McElwaine
Cambridge, Mass.

Erratum

Sirs:

There was a mistake in my review of *Odyssey of a Friend: Whittaker Chamber's Letters to William F. Buckley, Jr., 1954-1961* which appeared in your issue of March 28, 1970. I there said that several people with whom Alger Hiss had been associated as a Communist in the thirties had later testified as to this association. This is not true. Only one, Nathaniel Weyl, did so and that was with some ambiguity. My mistake has been brought to my attention by Helen L. Buttenwieser, who has labored faithfully as a counsel for Mr. Hiss, and I am sorry for the error.

John Kenneth Galbraith
Cambridge, Mass.

Kauffmann, *from page 22*

vides impulse – and possibly examples – for later sexual contacts with others. (So, in a broad sense, it *is* educational.) I don't think that either of these results is arbitrarily immoral. The first may be unattractive, but few would think it "wrong." The second, so far as we know, does not include sex crime – rape, etc. But the girls in those Copenhagen sex clubs who take customers on stage and produce orgasms in them are a lot more honest than the porno apologists who talk about sexual health and the relief of loneliness.

Another important point, lost in the high-sounding talk: porno is made for men. Some women interviewed in Copenhagen professed an interest in it, and some women were visible in one of the sex-club audiences, but, overwhelmingly, porno is for men. Simple proof: women have to be paid more to do it. The Danish film producers tell us that men will work for half of what they have to pay women, and sometimes the men work for nothing, which no woman ever does. Clearly, far from being universally desired like intercourse, porno is a function of a world dominated by men. Not just the

"SENATOR COOPER *and Senator Church/ Couldn't care less about who's in the lurch./ Rather like Senator Borah, they think/ Foreign entanglements lead to the brink/ (Always excepting entanglements we're/ Knitting together with Golda Meir)./ Nevertheless, for their push to reclaim/ Some of the Senate's eroded good name,/ Let us applaud! We've been holding the fort/ Ever since Franklin tried packing the Court.*"

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Western world – all cultures. If men lost their political and social and economic dominance, porno would disappear as sexual relations would not. So much for the "naturalness" of porno.

I disbelieve the scientific apologia, and I despise the apostolic organ-tones adduced for the US. (Several of the commentators boast that the Danes themselves, as opposed to tourists, are less interested in porno, now that it is continuously available. Curious. If it's good for people, why boast that interest in it has lessened?) But porno films exist, and now, in sanctified trappings, they are in theaters; and this is chiefly significant, I think, as another strong symptom of a larger phenomenon: the change in concepts of privacy. Those concepts are linked closely and basically to concepts of society itself. I doubt that these porno films, and the others which will follow and which I would do nothing to stop, are going to debauch America; their effect may be much more important, in longer and larger range, than sexual stimulation or model. They may be part of a slow general revision of ideas on how and why communities exist. Napoleon said that he heard the approach of the Revolution's tumbrils in Figaro's fifth-act soliloquy. Is it fanciful, I wonder, to hear some sort of distant rumble in the fact that former very strict privacies are now very public in New York?

Personals

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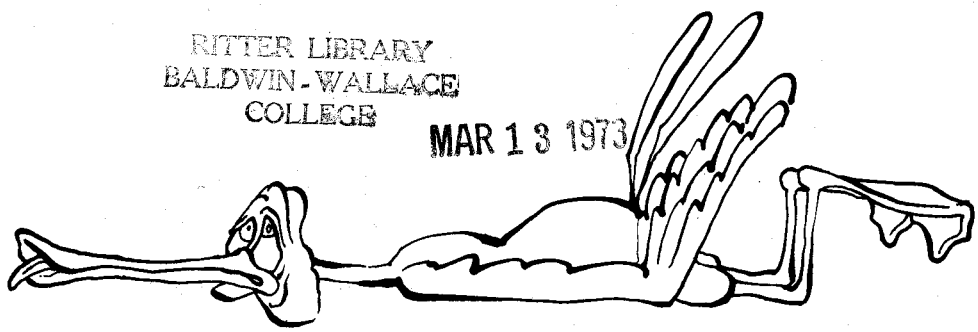

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